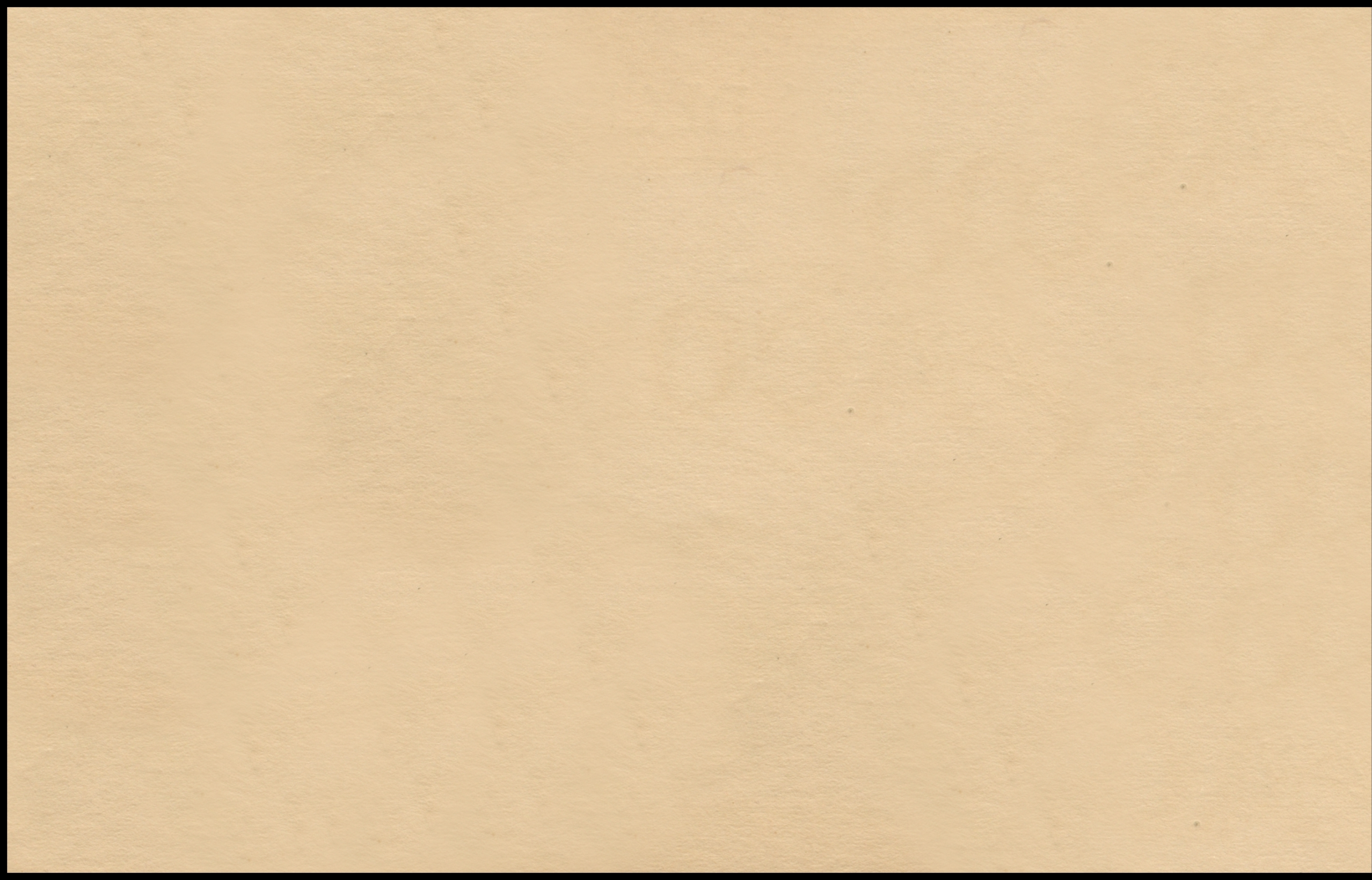
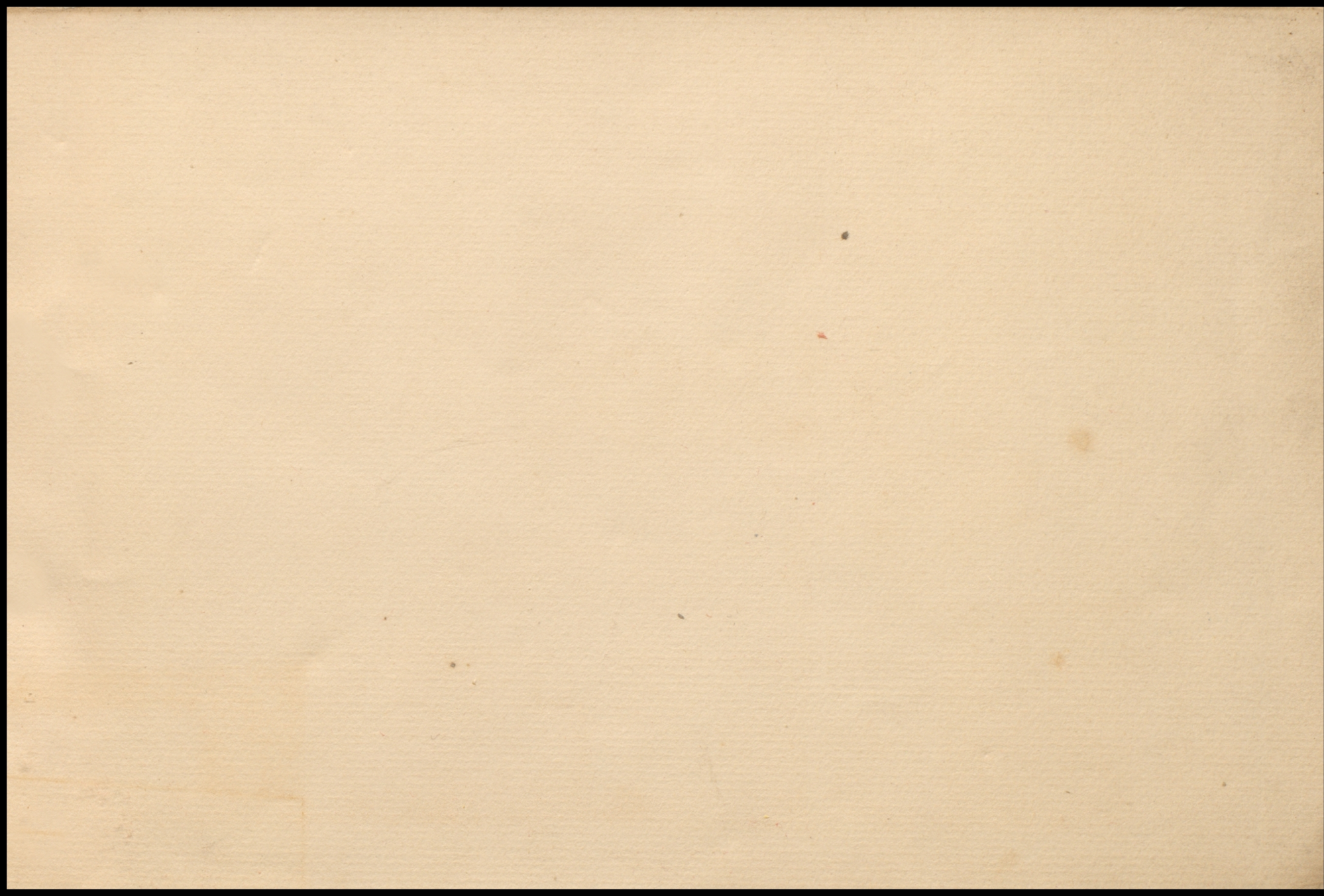
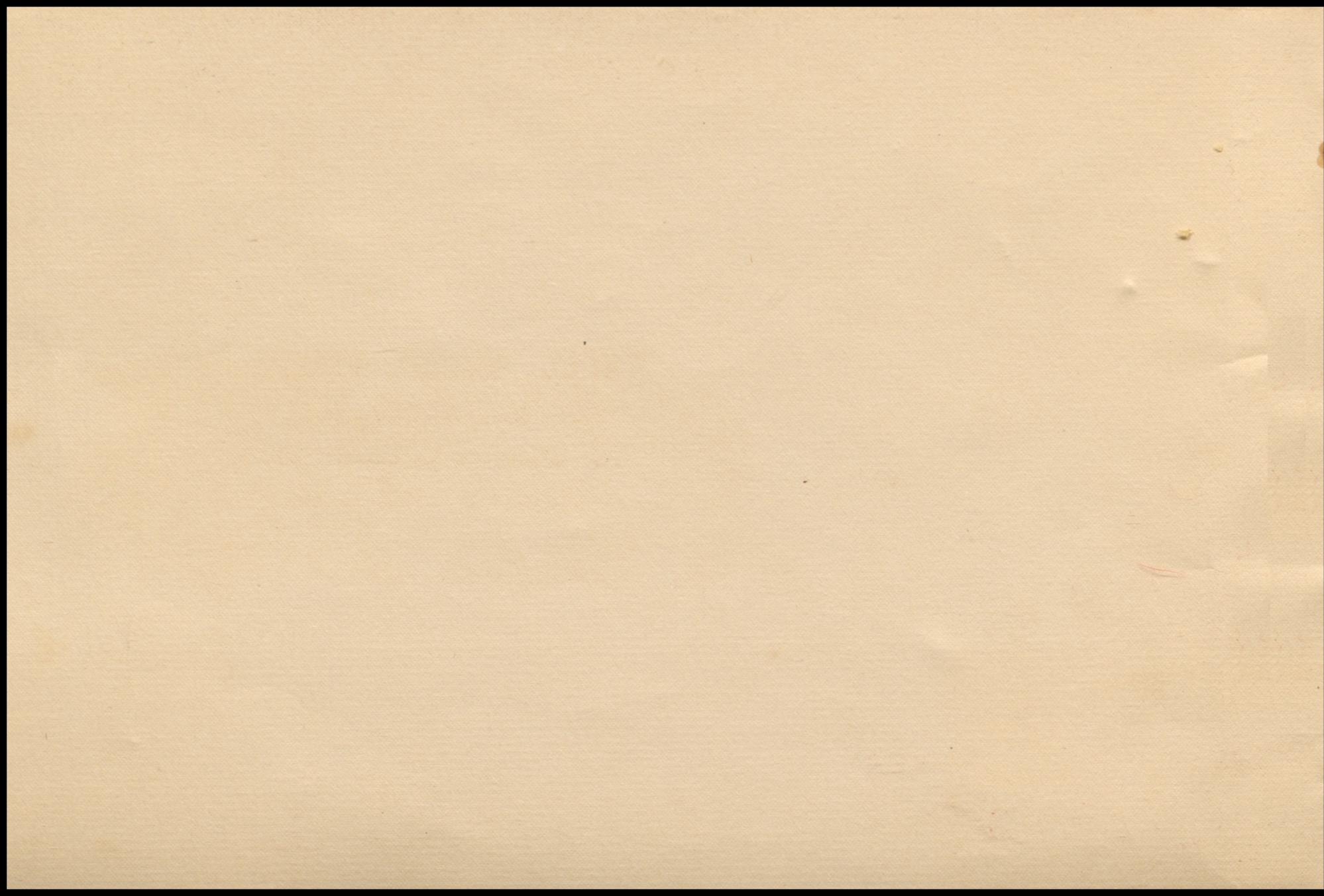


CLASS OF DECEMBER '07.

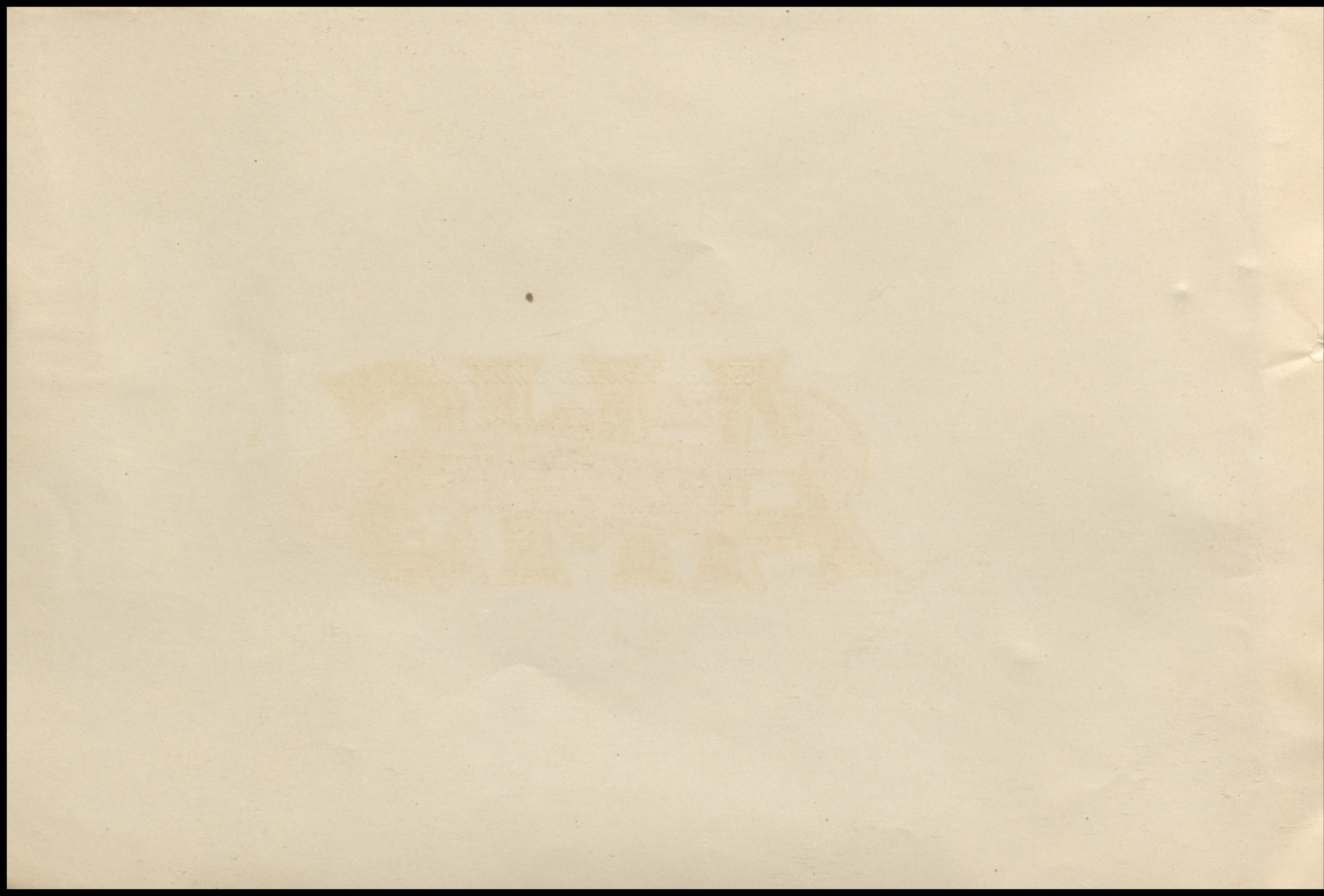




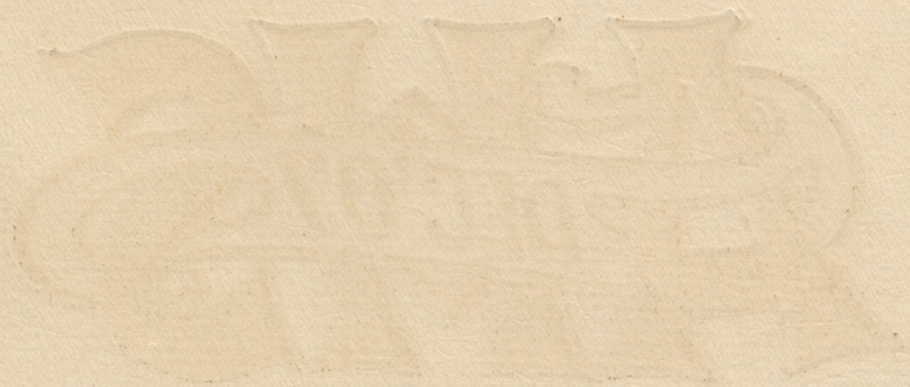


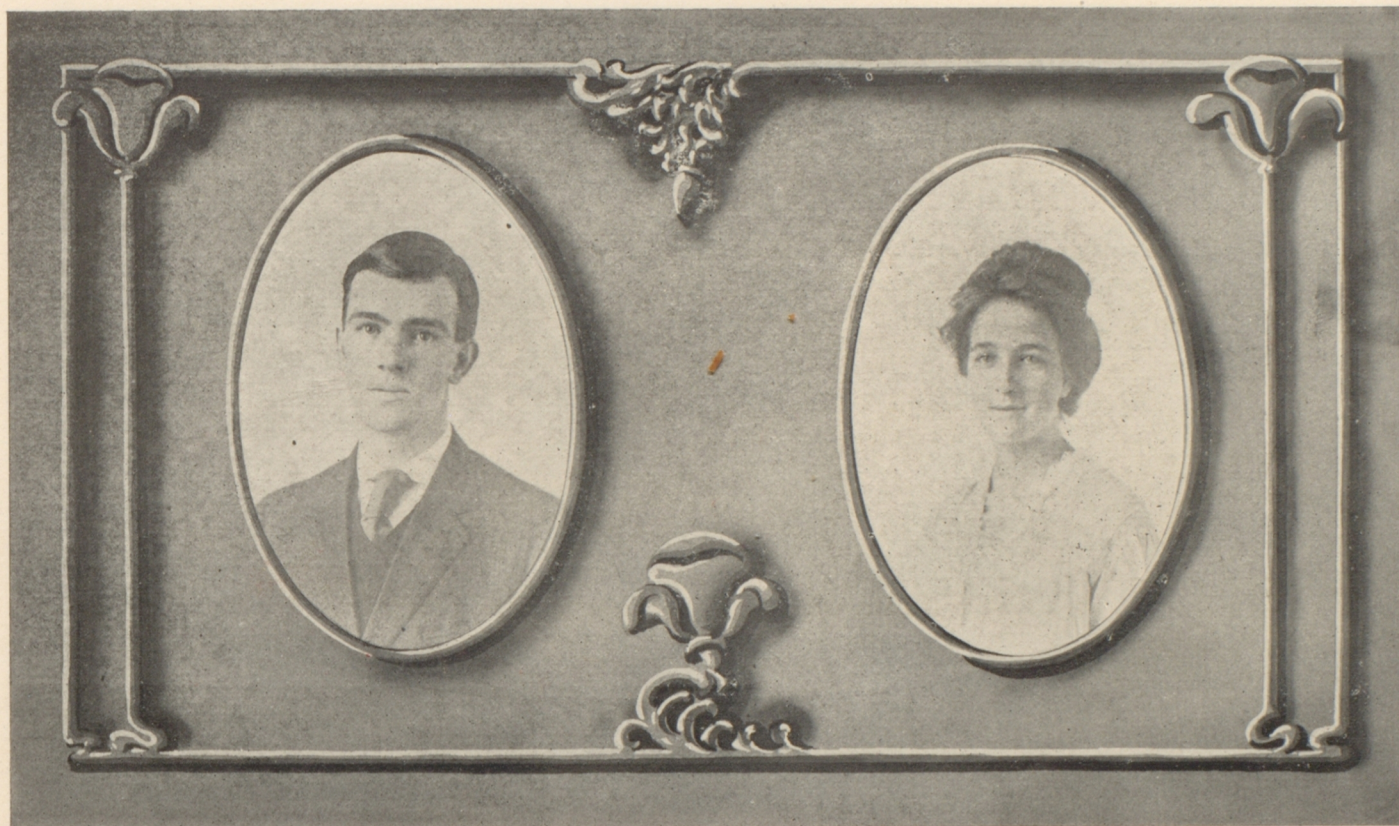


To Our Esteemed Principal
Dr. Geo. F. Thompson
The Class of December 1907
Dedicates "This Acorn"



AMS
DEC '07





T. H. Searle, Pres.

Anna Dazey, Vice-Pres.





Charlotte Buchard

Edna Sullivan

Manu Henkenius

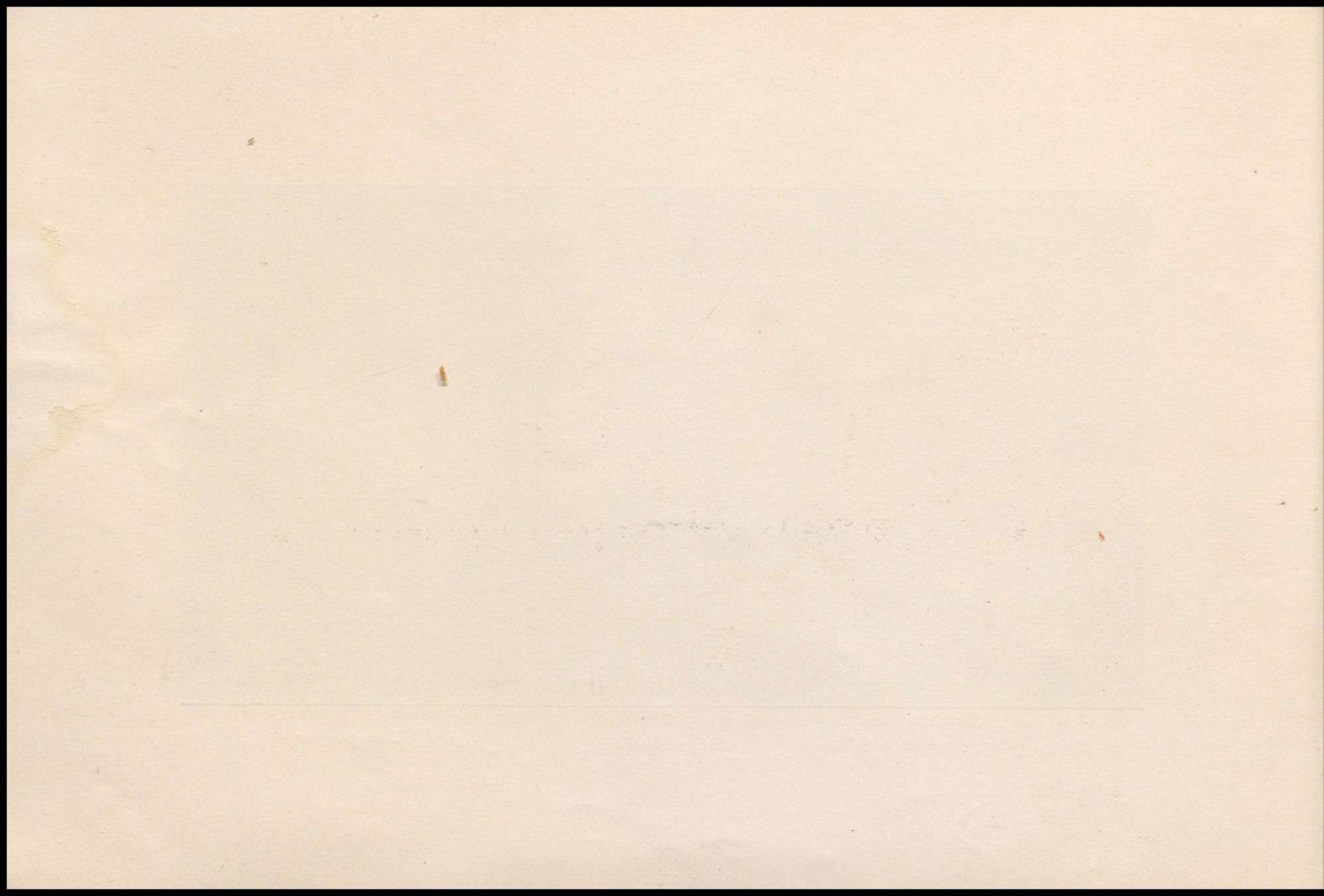




Cornelia Bowers

G. M. Simonson

Jane Cooper





Caro Simonson

A. L. Dexter

Louise Damkroeger





Katharine Van Orden

Sylvia McCurrie

Dolores Bradley







THE LENGTH OF THE FIELD



JIMMIE Hancock looked over the crowded grandstands with a queer lump in his throat. He wasn't scared—he vowed to himself again and again that he wasn't scared. Moreover, he wasn't even nervous. But for the life of him he couldn't tell why his legs kept jiggling around that way, and he wished mightily that football trousers were provided with pockets for one's hands.

He waited with the other substitutes on the side lines. The first half was nearly over. The score on the big signboard over in the corner read 0 to 0. There was another mighty heave as the two lines crashed together and then the whistle blew.

While they wished for the end of the intermission, Jimmie strode up and down and tried to make his legs act sensibly. His knees seemed wobbly. He wondered, with a queer feeling in the middle of him, whether he would be put in to play during the next half. Meanwhile, the rooting sections of the two colleges bellowed themselves hoarse, and Jimmie felt that all the girls in both grandstands were looking and shrieking at him. He felt wobblier than ever. Anyway, he muttered between his teeth, hard set to keep them from playing a tattoo, he wouldn't be a freshman next term and maybe he wouldn't be a sub, either. Then the crowds in the bleachers became one wav-

ing mass and the teams trotted back into the field.

The game was on, with his hopes and fears alternately seizing him—hopes that he might get to play, fears that he would — Jimmy watched. Both teams fought desperately. They crashed, they rocked, they fell in a heap; then time would be called as some figure would fail to rise. The minutes passed slowly, minutes of fighting and straining, and after one of the heaps Jimmy heard his name called. He saw them helping one of the players off the field, and with a rush of cold perspiration, realized that his turn had come. He tore out into the field and took his place on the end.

The other side had the ball. The quarter yelled a string of signals, the ball snapped back, there was a sudden crash and then Jimmie felt himself being pulled out of the heap, and reluctantly unwound his arms. He had made a tackle—how, he did not know, but he heard his name being bellowed from the bleachers, and it sounded pleasant. His nervousness was gone. He scrambled to his feet and took his place on the line again. There was another crash—this time against the other end. The lines separated. There had been no gain.

Once again they faced each other. There was a string of numbers—the half seized the ball—with a bound he cleared the head of the opposing center and tore down the field. Jimmie's heart sank, he saw through a blur the figure tearing down the field, clear to the ten-yard line, and then his heart gave a leap as the captain of his own

team leaped through the air and drew his arms around the runner's legs. The bleachers were wild. Shouting, yelling, screaming rooters jumped up and down waving pennants and tossing caps.

Within the ten-yard line the two teams lined up against each other. The time was nearly up. The rival college yell boomed across the gridiron, and after it roared the one he knew so well. Then it was followed by six big cheers, and after them, his own name. It put renewed life into his limbs.

The opposing quarter yelled his signals. Back snapped the ball—the half darted after it—straight into his hands it flew; and then, by some unaccountable twist of fortune, bounded out again to bounce upon the ground. Straight past his opponent Jimmy dashed, seized the ball as it bounced; and, with a clear field before him, hugged the ball and leaped for the goal. He heard the pounding of feet behind him and he half closed his eyes—his hair streamed out behind him and his feet fairly flew over the field as he tore his way along. The footsteps behind him grew nearer and his breath came and went in desperate gasps. He hurled himself forward with a speed he never dreamed of, yet it seemed as if his shoes were weighted with lead. On, on he dashed, straining to keep ahead of those footsteps. Then as he bounced forward with the last ounce of energy, the arms of his pursuer closed about his thighs and he crashed down.

The whistle blew, while spots like stars danced about him. He heard the roaring from the bleachers in his tired ears. And then, with a wave of exultation he realized that the length of the field and the goal posts were behind him, the time over, the game won.

NEILL C. WILSON

ODE TO MR. MINIMUM

Blessings on thee, little man
Professor with the shoes of tan,
With thy grey checked pantaloons,
And thy badly whistled tunes
Oh, how the world for me grows dark
Whene'er I see my physics mark.

Miss Vollmer (meeting H. B. in lower hall)—
“Why, how do you do, Helen. But, you're up in the country now, aren't you.

H. B.—No ma'am, not just at present.

In Rome, do the Romans.

Teacher (as he grabs Freshie by the arm)—
Young man, I believe Satan has gotten hold of you.

Freshie—Yes sir, I believe he has.”—Ex.

Allan Beringer—It must have been the fellows that painted up the school building last Halloween. The A. H. S. girls don't paint.

LETTER NUMBER ONE

Miss Sally Earle, Wellesley, to Miss Felicity Stonewall, University of California.

Wellesley, Sept. 30, 19—.

My dearest Felicity,

Oh, you can't imagine how lonely I've been since you left for that dry old place! If it weren't for Jack, I'm sure I should die!

But news! Wonderful news! What do you think? My cousin, Edgar Brotherton, has just entered the University of California, and I'm quite sure he must be in some of your classes. He is perfectly dear!—six foot two and dark as an Indian! You simply have to meet him. He's, terribly bashful, and runs at sight of femininity. If you can't do it by fair means, do it by foul. I've already picked him out for you, and you won't refuse him, dearie. Destiny and I made mud-pies together, so don't you believe what they say about match-makers.

Oh, Liss, I can just imagine Edgar making love! The bashful kind always do it so beautifully. I forgot to mention he's a frat man. I don't know what frat, though. So that will be another pin for your collection. But let it be the last, for you mustn't be heartless any more.

Liss, if you do it, I'll make you a waist, an embroidered one, year even a silk one. You can't realize what a sacrifice it will mean for me. It will mean cutting class and going without lots of good times. With such an example, you really

ought to be kind to your poor old

SAL.

From Miss Felicity Stonewall to Miss Sally Earle.

Berkeley, Cal., Oct. 10, 19—.

Dearest Sally,

I received your letter ages ago, but I have been so rushed that I simply couldn't find time to answer you before. Oh, Sally, College is simply dandy. I wish it was ten years instead of four that I was destined to remain here. But, then, I mean to have a rousing good time, and make the most of my opportunities. I think co-education is simply dandy. What a shame you have to go to Vassar! Well, dearest, I will be on the lookout for your cousin, but I won't promise to pay much attention to him. For—imagine!—there's a man. Such a man! He registers in my Hash Math. class. He is dark, and so handsome—handsome beyond words. He is almost six feet tall, with the soberest gray eyes and the firmest jaw. I have had my eyes on him for the longest time and on his Omicron Mu ring. Besides, he has a very odd ring of dull gold with two twisted serpents with ruby eyes. I never saw one like it before. I would give anything to know who he is. But I must stop this nonsense or you will think I am simply daft. Be sure and write a better description of your cousin. With love from

FELICITY

P. S. I have a darling new red tam.

From Mr. Edgar Brotherton to Miss Sally Earle.
Omicron Mu House, Oct. 12, 19—.

Dear Cousin Sally,

I got here alright but I had a beastly hard day of it coming up, the thermometer was up to 107 degrees and there wasn't even a decent meal to be had.

So far everything has gone all right. I've got my quarters fixed up and my new courses were arranged without getting into a row with any of the faculty. But there's a fool of a girl that seems to think I'm her long lost brother or something. She's rather pretty; has lots of fluffy hair and a pug nose and wears a red tam-o-shanter thing on her head. She is in my Math. section and she stares at me all the time, and won't let up even when I meet her on the campus. I wish she'd stop it; it makes me so nervous that I can't sit still. Why on earth can't those things behave themselves when they're away from home. She has an awful lot of cheek, I think. Give my love to your sister.

Your Affectionate Cousin,
EDGAR.

Wellesley, Oct. 19, 19—

Dear Cousin Ed.,

You're a dear, abused, chicken, pecked old fellow! Does the girls torment it? Well, it just oughtn't to permit it! It just ought to report the girls, naughty, wicked things! I'm quite sure

the faculty would immediately direct their attention to this outrage. The degeneration of this generation is appalling!

Really and truly, Ed., you ought to try and overcome that extreme bashfulness. You might create quite a sensation if you did. Now, you know that you might, well enough, so I shan't say any more about it, or the size of thy head would increase beyond the bounds of propriety. But take my advice and look more kindly on the gentler sex. For there's the dearest girl, my chum, Felicity Stonewall, who goes to Berkeley. She's a darling, pretty as a picture, and sweet, as she is pretty. I'm dreadfully lonely without her.

Don't forget that you promised to come and spend the holidays with us. Am in a dreadful rush, with hours of cramming ahead. The Courtney girls return your love with additions.

As ever, I am

Your dutiful cousin,

SAL.

P. S. Don't forget her name.

Wellesley, Oct. 19, 19—.

Dearest Liss,

The waist progresses and the plot thickens! Wonder of wonders! He "has it," but he doesn't know he has. That's always the way of the men. And who do you think is the object of his disturbed affections? Lissie, dear, it's you! Really, yes! Unbelievable!!! And, oh, Lissie, darling,

he's your "him." Did you ever? Hhat frat you mentioned is his, and the ring with the two serpents is the one I gave him last Christmas. Lissie, Lissie! If I had you here, I could hug you both! You darling! Talk about the Fates! I'm Clotho and the others, all in one. I can think of nothing else! He admires the tam! I'm too excited to write, and I have to go to town for some more embroidery silks.

Love and kisses,

SAL.

P. S. I've picked out the present. Keep it up. I want to get it while I have the funds.

From Miss Felicity Stonewall to Miss Sally Earle,
Berkeley, Cal., Oct. 25, 19—.

My dearest Sally,

Is that your cousin! Well, of all things, that simply handsome fellow! I was so surprised that you could have knocked me down with a feather when I opened your letter. Take your dare? I should say so. Besides, who could resist one of your embroidered silk waists. So he likes my red tam. Do you know, I've been wondering who he could be ever since I came here. Dislikes girls, you say! I should say so. Well, as you say, dear, I shall have to draw him out, that is, I have begun, so I must tell you all about it.

The other day I was coming down stairs in California Hall and I saw him coming up. "Now," said I, "here's a chance." So as I drew near I turned my head and began to go straight toward

him. I tried to look as if I were looking at somebody behind me. Well, the next moment there was a head-long collision. I ran right into his arms. He looked very uncomfortable and embarrassed, but he mumbled something and picked all my books up, which I had dropped on the stairs. Sally, I went home and laughed and laughed. If you had seen him, stammering and blushing and looking at me in that funny way you'd have screamed.

That night I was perfectly silly. I wrote him a note, I didn't sign it and gave him a whole lot of compliments, but said that he really ought to get over his bashfulness and I sent it to the frat house. He's got it now, I suppose, but I hope he'll never know who wrote it. Do you see what deeds your beautiful temptation are making me do.

I'll have to close here. With lots of love and kisses,

FELICITY.

From Mr. Edgar Brotherton to Miss Sally Earle.
Omicron Mu House, Berkeley, Oct. 25, 19—.
Dear Cousin Sally,

I got your note alright and am going to answer it while I have the time. I don't know as I've got much to tell you except that I bumped into that girl the other day, on the stairs. She ran right into my arms and dropped all her books. I had to pick them up for her, of course, and she

smiled down at me as sweetly as you please. She really has awfully pretty hands, though. I haven't been looking at them, really, but one of them was hanging over her chair the other day.

She sent me a note a few days ago, at least I think she did. It was written on perfumed paper in a sort of nice handwriting and it said a whole lot about my physique and eyes and hair and that she'd noticed how bashful I was but that I ought to get right over it, for it wouldn't do any good to play the shy and coy one, and such stuff as that. No name was signed, but I'm sure she wrote it. It's too bad she's so silly, for she's a real pretty girl, and she seems alright when she's not looking at me. I do wish girls weren't silly.

Give my love to Cousin Agatha.

Affectionately your cousin,
EDGAR

Wellesley, Nov. 1, 19—.

Dear Ed.,

And the villainness still pursues him. Heartless wretch! You should have held her in your arms and said "How sad!", or something comforting. I have no doubt she was on the verge of fainting. And with those lovely hands! Truly, I do believe that men were made without hearts, that is, all men but Jack.

Oh, Ed., why don't you behave, and treat the girls right? You're getting old enough to know better than to act as you do. Be nice to the red tam. She may be all right after all. You know

your heavenly eyes and locks divine! Edgar, for my sake, brace up and be a man.

Have you met my chum yet?

With love,

SAL.

From Miss Felicity Stonewall to Miss Sally Earle.
Berkeley, Cal., Nov. 15, 19—.

Dearest Sally,

Well, the game's finished and I've won my waist. You can send it out to me by the next mail. What do you suppose that your cousin's gone and done. Well, he walked home with me today. Haven't I been training him well, though. But you'll hear all about it as soon as I can write all of it.

We had another collision today, in the very same place; just think of it! It was accidental, though. Really, I didn't see him. Well, he started in to pick up my books and papers and he was so embarrassed, Sally; I had to laugh at him, that is, when he wasn't looking. But now comes the tragedy. My card fell out of one of my books and he picked it up. Well, he looked at me for fully five minutes in such a funny way. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I laughed. Well, he laughed too, and then he apologized and explained and I apologized and explained and then he said, "If you're going home, I'll go along with you." I've asked him to call. Sally, you won't know him when I get through with him. Now, send me that waist. I'm sending you your pay

in love and kisses. You dear old thing, you!
FELICITY.

From Mr. Edgar Brotherton to Miss Sally Earle.
Omicron Mu House, Berkeley, Nov. 15, 19—.
Dear Cousin Sally,

I suppose now you won't know what to think of me when you read this, but I've gone and made a perfect ass of myself about that girl. The other day I bumped into her again, and while I was picking up her books and wishing that I was out of it, a card fell out of one of the books. I picked it up and it was the name of that girl you wrote me about. Well, I just stood and looked at her and she stood there with such a funny look on her face, and, well—then I don't know how it happened, but we both burst out laughing and I explained and she explained and I walked home with her and she asked me to call and, well—I'm going to take her to the show tomorrow night. I do hope she won't think me a fool. Really—she's awfully pretty.

Your Affectionate Cousin,

EDGAR.

From Mr. Edgar Brotherton to Miss Felicity Stonewall.

Omicron Mu House, Berkeley, Nov. 15, 19—.
My dear Miss Stonewall:—

I really don't know how to begin this for it is my first note to any girl. There's a good show at the theatre tomorrow night and I've got some

seats. If it will please you, I'll call for you at eight o'clock. I do hope that this doesn't sound foolish, but—you know—I've never written to any girl before.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

EDGAR BROTHERTON

There was a young lady named Gert.
Who was such a terrible flirt
That she got in a pickle
For being so fickle
And wished that she wasn't so pert.

There was likewise a youngster named Bess,
Who always would answer—"Why, yes—
Since holding my hand
Is in such demand,
I will have to wear mittens, I guess."

D. B.—I was going to ask you something but I've forgotten what it is.

Mr. Minium—Ask it anyway.

Miss S.—Mr. Gilbertson doesn't like my reparatee.

Mr. S.—No, but he likes your departee.

Mr. Gilbertson—Now, Miss S— you always have to pipe in, don't you?

Miss S.—Certainly, this is a pipe of a lesson.

OUR YESTERDAY

Through the stream of our life that runs so deep
So still, so silent, now level, now steep,
We look at the past, sometimes through a haze;
We look down into our yesterdays.

In the hazy place is our childhood's dream
With its sorrows and joys—a continuous stream
And they shine sometimes like a pebble bright
When down in the brook strays a beam of light

We see in the bubbles of silver foam
The ambition of youth, that made us roam
Far—to search for those worlds of delight
Which seemed so real and looked so bright

And then the acts of our after years,
We see our wrongs, disappointments, fears,
Sorrows so bitter and joys so fleet
Our fallen ideals and passions deep.

Through the stream of our life that runs so deep
So still, so silent, now level, now steep,
We look at the past, sometimes through a haze
We look down into our yesterdays.

—Cornelia Bowers

There is a little brooklet out among the hills,
With its shiny pebbles, grassy banks and rills;
And through the seasons long, it murmurs this
strange song,

Day long!—night long!—day long

There is a shining rivulet along the meadow's side,
And willows dip their arms into its cooling tide;
But as it flows along, we hear the same weird song.
Day long!—night long!—day long

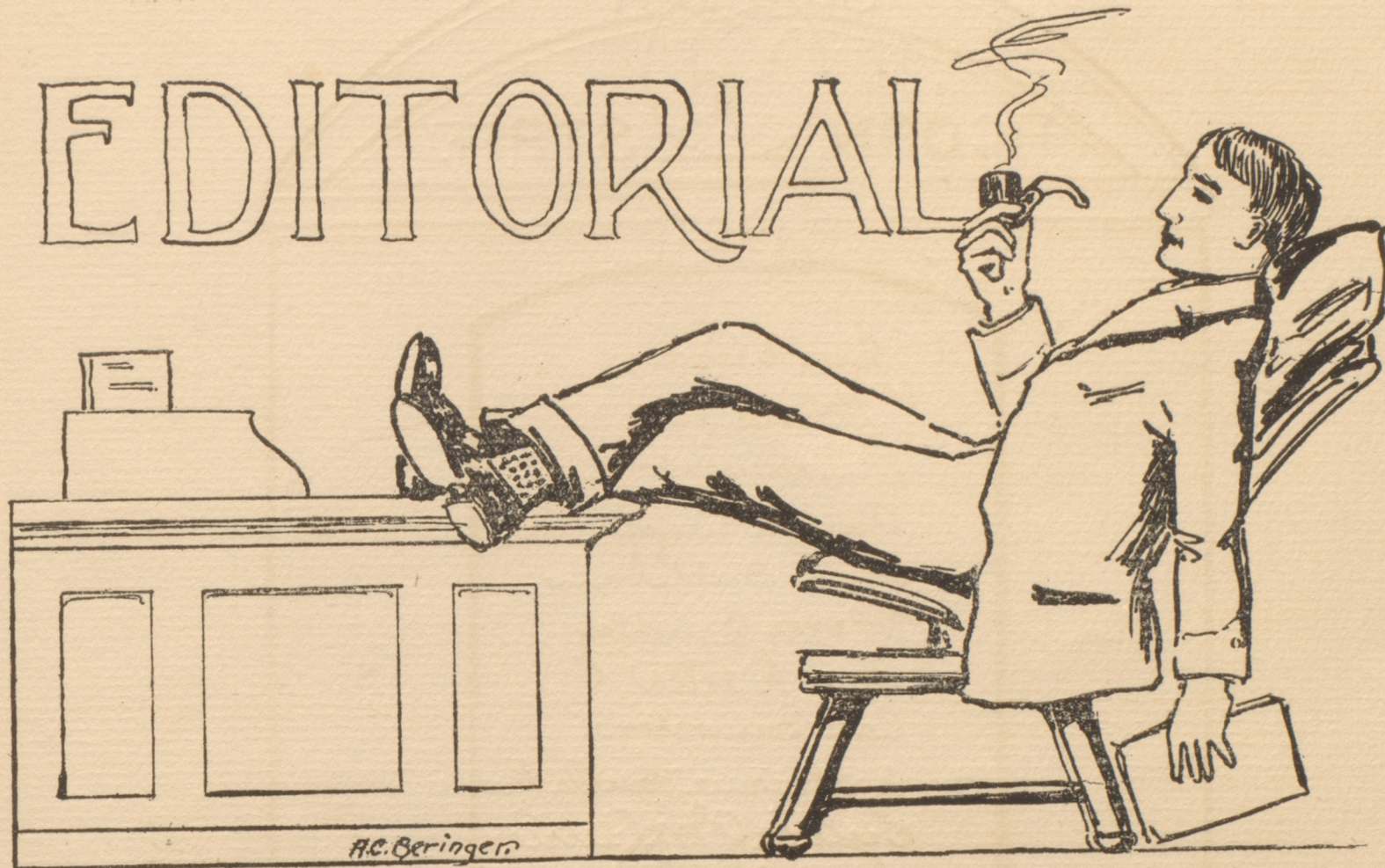
There is a mighty river along the city's brink,
With waters smooth where chips may float, and
eddies where they sink;
But still the same old song, although the years be
long,
Day long!—night long!—day long

There is a rushing torrent that to the ocean flows
And empties there its waters; to go where, no one
knows;
But rising, falling, with the current come echoes
of this song,
Day long!—night long!—day long

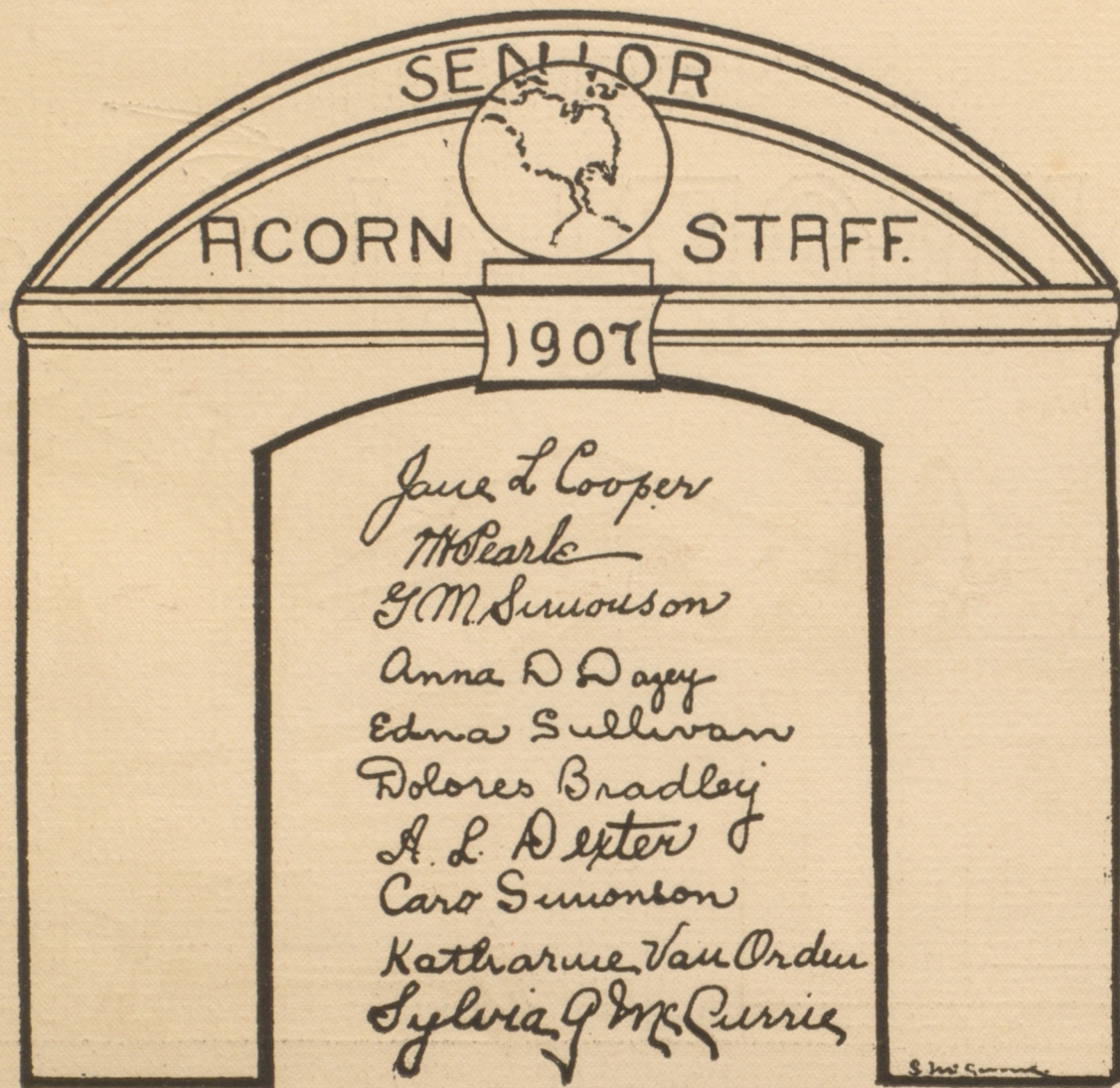
But what is this great torrent, this river and this
stream
On which the clouds throw shadows, and the sun
sends too, its gleam;
'Tis but the tide of life which forever wells along
Day long!—night long!—day long

There was a young lady named Kula Manu
Who went for a ride on the Nippon Maru
She fell overboard,
Was pulled out with a cord,
And came home a-dancing the Hula, Hooloo.

EDITORIAL



A.C. Beringer





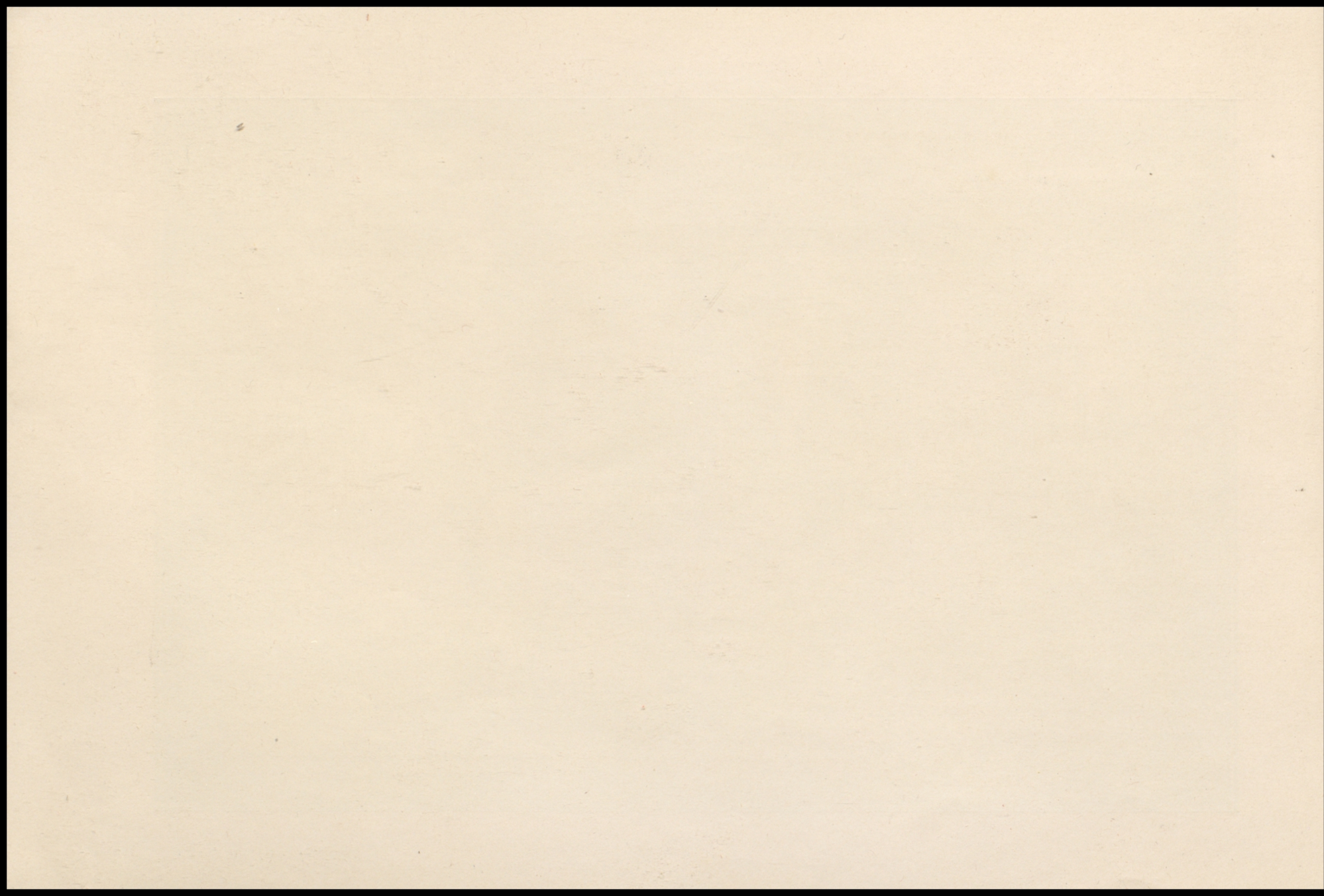


PHOTO-ENGRAVING

In connection with the chemistry department, several of the chemistry students and the instructor became interested in the art of photo-engraving. After six months of investigation and study the result was the establishment of a small photo-engraving plant. Most high schools have a course in the theory of chemistry but very few have any practical applications. The Alameda High School is probably the only high school that ever attempted such work. The art of photo-engraving deals more or less with the theory of chemistry, but it is especially instructive as practical applied chemistry.

We begin our process at the bottom by mixing all our solutions and making our own plates. The clean glass is first flowed with a solution of egg albumen and dilute acetic acid. When it is dry the plate is flowed with the collodion emulsion and sensitized in a bath of silver nitrate. Next the drawing is photographed and the plate developed. Then the plate is soaked in acetic acid which eats the egg solution and allows the thin film to be stripped from the glass and placed in a reversed position on a heavy plate glass. The zinc plate is sensitized with a solution of albumen and bichromate of ammonia. The negative and the zinc plate are put into a heavy printing frame and subjected to great pressure to assure perfect contact, and exposed. Wherever the sun strikes

the plate the solution becomes insoluble. Then the plate is rolled with etching ink and washed carefully. Wherever the solution is insoluble the ink remains, leaving the design. The ink is dusted with acid-proof powder and the zinc etched down in a nitric acid bath. The cut is then ready for mounting on the wooden block.

Such in brief is the process of making simple line cuts. The work is intensely interesting as well as instructive. You constantly learn by accident and mistake, things you did not know before. This is the first of practical applied chemistry in the high school and we hope soon to have more, such as electroplating and similar processes. If the school will continue the work started by a few students, the Alameda High School bids fair to occupy a unique position among the high schools in the country.

G. M. SIMONSON

We always laugh at the teachers' jokes
No matter how bad they may be.
Not because they're funny, folks
But because 'tis policy—J. C.

Silently one by one in the infinite notebooks of teachers,

Blossom the little zeros,—the for-get-me-nots of the Seniors—Ex.

THE MANOEUVERS OF JANE



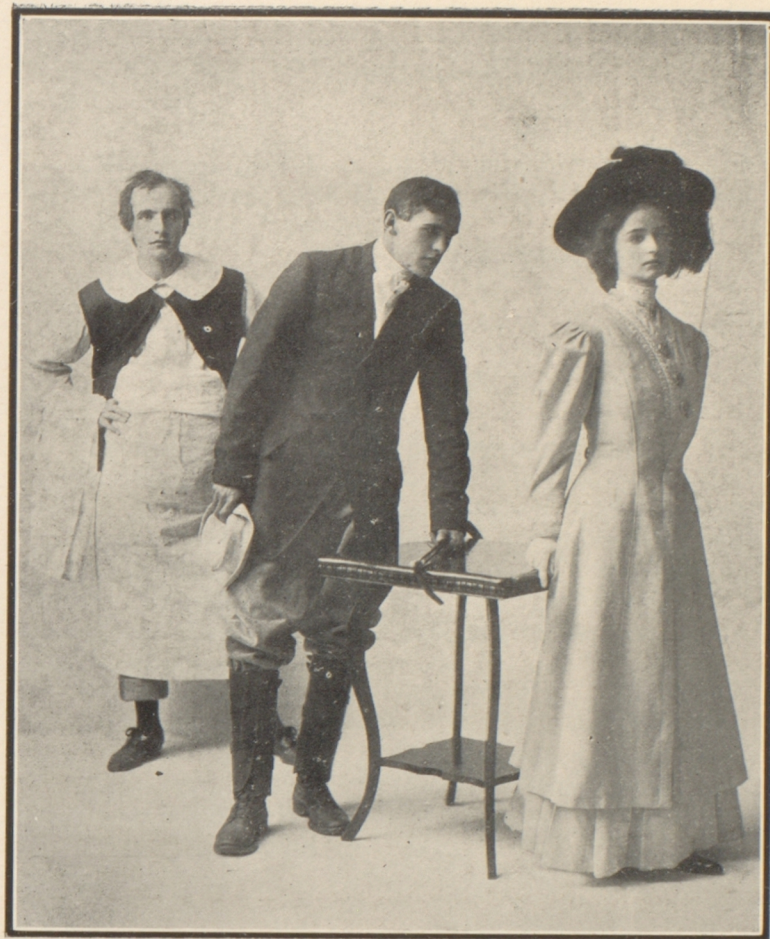
FOR the past several years it has been the custom for each Senior class to give its farce or play. The class of December, 1907, has capped the climax by giving a real play. "The Manoeuvres of Jane." It was given at the Park Theatre, November twenty-second. There have been many good plays in the past, but everybody agreed that the play presented by the class of December, '07, was the very best that has ever been given.

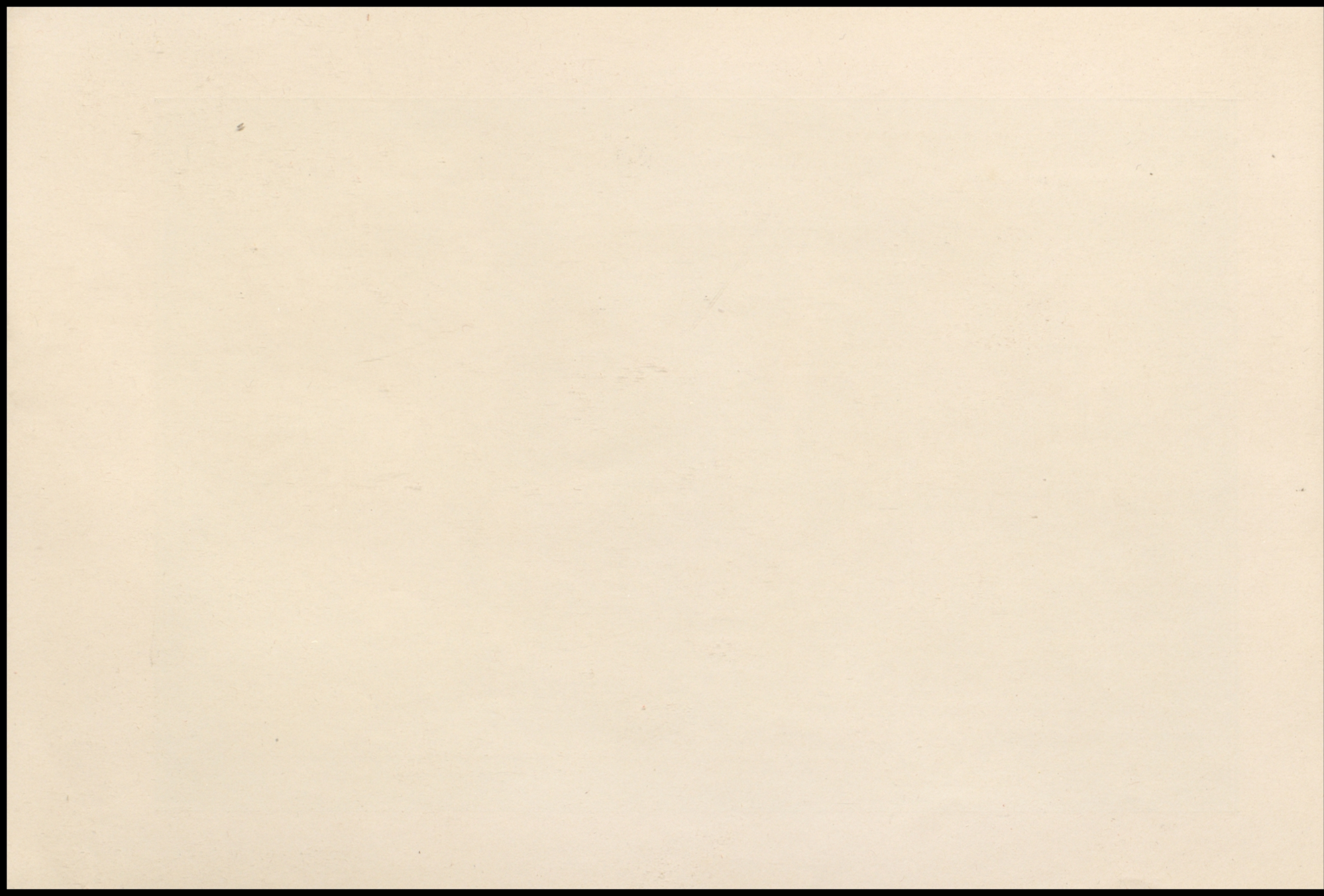
The success of our play was due to the play itself, the efficient coaching of Miss Florence Parker and the strenuous efforts of the cast.

Jane Mangle, a young English girl, falls in love with a young man and writes to him in secret. Her father finds a portion of one of these letters and takes his daughter and her companion, Miss Gage, to Chaney Court, the estate of Lord Bapchild, to place her under the guidance of Mrs. Beechinor, Lord Bapchild's aunt. Jervis Punshon and his sister, Mrs. Beechinor decide to marry Jane to Lord Bapchild. In the meantime, Jane's lover, George Langton, becomes the steward of the Bapchild estate and he and Jane meet in private. They are spied upon by Pamela Beechinor who is

always threatening to tell. Constantia Gage, the friend and companion of Jane, is all this time making up to Lord Bapchild, who is a foolish young man with a fad for model farms. Jane writes her father about George and he is coming up to put an end to the affair. He is to get in on the evening train at Comchester, across the river. Then Jervis made Bapchild promise to row Jane over to meet her father and proposed to her on the way across. But Jane knows her father will spoil everything, so she and George plan to elope. Pamela scents trouble and follows George and is taken across the river with him. Then Jane feigns sickness and sends Connie rowing with Lord Bapchild instead. Lord Bapchild breaks his oar and Connie slyly drops her overboard and they go drifting down the river. In the meantime, Jane goes to Southwitch to meet George, but he has to get rid of Pamela and doesn't get there until very late. Then Jane is angry and refuses to marry him, but makes him promise to take her home the first thing in the morning.

At Chaney Court they think it is Miss Mangle who is with Lord Bapchild, and that Miss Gage is sick in her room with a headache. But Pamela is unaccounted for. Lord Bapchild and Connie land at Pilstow, very much the worse for their trip. Under the stress of circumstances, Lord Bapchild proposes to Connie and is immediately accepted. Mangle arrives at Chaney and Jervis tells him of the coming engagement of Jane and





Lord Bapchild. But Lord Bapchild and Connie appear and completely upset their plans. Jane and George arrive at Chaney and, after patching up their quarrel, tell Mangle they are going to get married at once and go to California. The whole affair exceedingly shocks Mr. Bostock, a clergyman, and his wife and daughter, but is very amusing to Sir Robert Bowater, a neighbor of Lord Bapchild's.

The cast is as follows:

Jane Mangle	Jane Cooper
Constantia Gage	Cornelia Bowers
Mrs. Beechinor	Sylvia McCurrie
Pamela Beechinor	Edna Sullivan
Lady Bapchild	Katherine Van Orden
Mrs. Bostick	Alma Curtis
Miss Dodd	Beatrice Stedman
Miss Bostock	Louise Damkroeger
Trendell	Caro Simonsen
Lord Bapchild	George Browning
Jervis Punshow	Metcalfe Simonsen
George Langton	Roger Henn
Mr. Nangle	Theodore Searle
Prebendary Bostock	Paul Kuhns
Mr. Pawsey	Fred Johnson
Sir Robert Bowater	Neill Wilson
Footman	Fred Johnson

The step taken by the Dec., '07 class of present-

ing two bids to each Senior of the other half year, is one that may be well followed by every class. The Dec. '07's appreciated the act of June, '08's. The giving of two bids enables a lady to invite an escort, and permits a gentleman to be accompanied, which is far pleasanter than going alone. We also hope that the Upper Seniors will not forget this precedent.

THE SPECTATOR.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has been working hard for the past term in perfecting several new songs. Certainly there should be more spirit and support given it by the school, since all the members and our zealous instructor, Mr. Cogswell, worked so hard. Provision has even been made that the meetings shall be held Tuesdays to accommodate those who cannot attend Fridays.

Where is The Boys' Glee Club? I had hoped that the girls might cope with them in one thing and show the metal of both sides, but each goes his own way. A little cultivation of the gentler arts might be beneficial to many of our boys.

Those who know nothing of the Girls' Club would do well by visiting and observing what an enjoyable and profitable afternoon the girls pass.

THE SPECTATOR

THE CLASS HISTORY



MANY years ago, so it seems, a band of thirty or more scared youngsters made their appearance at the High School, and clamored for admittance. After much deliberation the high and mighty Seniors, in a joint session with the Middlers decided to let them enter. For four years the High School has been our home, but now we are about to leave it to make room for more youngsters. Yes, we know that we are not very old now, but we have gained that poise and stately manner, that dignity and seriousness which are associated only with High Seniors.

This class of Dec., '07, was the second class to enter the new High School, but it was an entirely different class from what it is now. At that time there were a great many of us and we were much younger. We looked up to the mighty Seniors, never dreaming that some day we might become Seniors and have the Freshmen look up to us. But we were not even Freshmen when we entered. Miss Frisius's room on that glorious day four years ago, we were only scrubs. The first year we studied hard. A few of us went ahead, others fell back and still others dropped out of the class entirely. In this way our number became small-er and smaller.

When we organized our class in our Junior year Ted. Searle became our president and Dolores Bradley our vice-president. We did little in our

first term except to prepare for our work to come.

The next term Alan Beringer was our president. It was during this term that we chose our class pins, which are the prettiest any class ever had.

In the Low Senior year Metcalfe Simonson became president, and our chief work was our Low Senior dance. This was a great success, as everyone knows.

When we organized for our last and final term, Ted. Searle became president, Anna Dazey vice-president, Edna Sullivan secretary and Dolores Bradley treasurer. Our members have dwindled to fourteen, and though small, we hope that we have shown the school that we can do things. Our Senior play, for instance, wasn't that a great success?

During our four years of hard work, many of us have struggled through Latin, French and German. We have found out that great men have lived, and what they have done for us. On the whole, many of us have prepared ourselves for the University, and though we hate to leave the school, which has been our home for so long, we are looking forward to our new life, when we can become freshmen again.

Mr. Minium (Senior Physics)—When I was young like most little folks, when I couldn't have what I wanted, I engaged in a game of ball (bawl).

Dolores B.—But I thought you never played.

Senior Alphabet

A is for Anna of studious mien
The best Physics scholar that ever was seen.

B is the Best which we always do
In all of our studies that we may get through.

C calls for Caro, a quiet young miss
Whom everyone knows, is Metcalfe's young sis.
Also Charlotta whose voice is so loud
That she can be easily heard in a crowd
Lastly Cornelia, a stately young lady
Who never (?) is bad or acts like a baby.

Dolores comes next who's as sad (?) as her name
You can all understand that she's not to blame

E is for Edna who looks so demure
But when she's around you're not at all sure

F stands for friends. It is hoped we have many
To wish us our best, or we do not want any

G is for goodness, desired above many
Of other good virtues. Do you think we have any?

H is the Help which we have received
From teachers, from books, in times of our need.

I's a big IT, which many suppose

The High Seniors are.....but nobody knows

J is for Jane who has always had fun
In the History Class she's made many a pun.

K. Here stands Katherine. Elle parle le Francais
Bien, tres bien! Elle a toujours l'idee.

Louis comes next, a large and strong youth
With brown hair and blue eyes. This is all you
know, truth.

Louise also, a lass who speaks never a word
Until she's quite sure that she needs to be heard.

M stands for Metcalfe who is Caro's big brother
Of our boys, one has passed; now we show you
another.

Mame, also, who takes Oral English
Acquiring with many, conversational finish.

N stands for nothing, a hateful old word
Which our class has not known, has not seen, has
not heard.

O is for Olga who looks and is sly
Yet I've seen her just chattering like a magpie.

P's for our Play, a success, as you know
The best that's been given, as we can all show.

Q—Quiz, of course. In Physics we have them
Sometimes they have come when we didn't expect

them.

R is the Road which learning we've travelled
And many's the problem which we have unravel-
led.

S—little Sylvia with curly brown tresses
As to what she is like. . . I'll give you three guesses.

T's for our President, a little boy, Theo.
He's the last, not the least, of our wonderful trio.

U is the use we have made of our time
In play and in study. . . . I can't make this rhyme.

V is the vacancy which we shall make
When we are graduates. Fill it up, '08.

W—Work which we have all done
In order to get here and it's been no fun.

X Can't you guess? Why, Ex's, of course
They've been pressed on us, brought to us almost
by force.

Y is for Youth; It belongs to us all
It excuses our blunders, it smooths every fall.

Z stands for anything you care to make it.
If you want this to rhyme, I'm afraid you must
fake it.

—Bowers

THE WIND

The wind arose from out of the west
Soft as the breath of a child
It stayed till the sun had gone to rest,
Lingered so tender and mild.

It cooled the forehead of the weary man
Who toiled all day in the heat,
It kissed the cheek of the sleeping babe
Disturbing the tresses so neat.

It rustled the leaves upon the pine,
It breathed on the lilies so white
It brushed aside the corn silk fine
And tossed it with breath so light.

It caressed a brook upon its way
And caused it to laugh and leap
It tossed about the new mown hay
And rippled the ocean deep.

It wandered about the whole day long
It danced with all its might
Till like the last chord of a sad sweet song
It died away in the night.

Senior—Were you on the bicycle when you fell
off?

**EXTRACTS FROM THE ALAMEDA DAILY
ARGUS FROM SEPTEMBER, 1913 TO
SEPTEMBER 1925.**

ALAMEDA, Cal., July 21, 1921.—The latest volume of Madame Eugenie's poems will come before public notice in a few weeks. It will be of interest to the people of Alameda to know that the authoress who has been writing under an assumed name was a graduate of the Alameda High School in the Class of Dec., '07. She was known among her classmates as "Little Edna". Miss Sullivan's poems are noted for their simplicity and their wonderful descriptions. They are extensively read and have already determined her brilliant future.

ALAMEDA, CAL., Sept. 21, 1915.—The nuptials of Miss Mame Henkenius and Mr. Jensen Schuyler were celebrated last evening at a quiet wedding at the home of the bride's parents, 1214 Paru street, the Rev. Charles Brown officiating. The house was prettily decorated in green and pink amaryllis, asparagus fern and sweet peas being massed together effectively. The bridesmaids were gowned in pink chiffon over silk, the maid of honor in white lace. The bride wore a handsome gown of white satin with the conventional white veil and carried lilies of the valley.

After a delicious wedding supper, the young couple left for Los Angeles. After a honeymoon

trip of three weeks, they will make their home in Alameda.

ALAMEDA, Cal., January 5, 1924.—Jane Lawrence (Jane Cooper) comes to the New Alameda Theatre tonight. The return of Charles Frohman's latest and brightest star to Alameda is heralded with much joy as she is a former resident of this city, having been graduated from the Alameda High School in the class of Dec., '07. Miss Lawrence's dainty and sprightly style will be set off to advantage in her vehicle, "Polly Ann" in which this clever actress has scored great success at the Empire Theatre in New York. Her support is of the best and the setting of the play, the finest. The advance sale of seats has been so great that if it continues, the "Standing Room Only" sign will be the only one in evidence during her engagement.

ALAMEDA, Cal., September 30, 1925.—President Theodore Holmes Searle arrived last night in this city in his private car. President Searle is accompanied by Mrs. Searle, his private secretary and Secretary of War Phillips. The President will deliver an address to the students of the Alameda High School on Thursday afternoon, the subject being: "When I Was an A. H. S. Boy." This lecture no doubt will be of great interest both to students and teachers as the President graduated some years ago from this school. He was president of his graduating class and also

occupied several positions on the "Acorn" staff during his term there. Outsiders who care to hear the address, will be heartily welcomed by both students and faculty. President Searle has not changed so much in the last years, as to be unrecognizable by his classmates, all of whom will be present at the lecture.

ALAMEDA, Cal., Sept. 20, 1925.—

Mademoiselle Charlotte Buchard

Teacher of French

Professeur de Francais

B. A. University of Cal.

M. A. University of Cal.

Ph.D. University of Paris.

1624 Clinton Ave.

ALAMEDA, Cal., Dec. 23, 1913.—Many of our readers have doubtless noticed in Harper's Magazine for the current month, an article on Metcalfe Simonson, the noted steel-engraver. This brilliant young man has, in a few years, accomplished the work of a lifetime. His genius was first discovered in the engravings of the "Acorn," Alameda High School, Class of Dec., '07, of which class he was a member. Since that time he has confined himself exclusively to that work, and has studied in the East and abroad until now, at the age of twenty-three, he is America's foremost steel-engraver.

ALAMEDA, Cal., April 3, 1920.—The plans for the new capital in Berkeley are selected. Alameda gains the honor. The architect, Miss Sylvin McCurrie of this city, not only has the distinction of being the only woman architect in America, but also is one of the foremost in this country. Miss McCurrie has also drawn the plans for the new City Hall in San Francisco, as well as those of other public buildings. She has resided in Alameda all her lifetime, being a graduate of the Alameda High School where she began her career in a course of mechanical drawing under the instruction of Miss Hewett. After the completion of the capital, Miss McCurrie expects to go to Washington, where she will submit plans for the new White House.

ALAMEDA, Cal., July 15, 1919.—The new opera, entitled "Baron Von Auginsnau" will be given at the new San Francisco Opera House, tomorrow evening. The words and music have been written by Miss Camelia Bowers. This is the first great work of Miss Bower's, which has come before the San Francisco public. The music is almost Wagnerian in style. The opera has already made a great success in New York where Miss Bowers has been studying. It is California's pride to be able to claim this bright celebrity. She was a graduate of the Alameda High School. Her first work being the graduating song of her class. Other operas are soon to follow, a success having been determined by Miss Bowers' first work.

ALAMEDA, Cal., February 5, 1923.—

KATHARINE VAN ORDEN M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office

1424 Park St.

Hours 2-4 P. M.

Phones

Office—Ala 3

Res.—Ala 413

ALAMEDA, Cal., March 28, 1916.—Deaconess Caro Simonson left San Francisco yesterday on the Steamer Hong Kong for Canton, China, where she goes to establish a school for the higher education of Chinese women. For the past two years the deaconess has been connected with Christ Church, Alameda, of which city she has long been a resident. The deaconess is a graduate of the Alameda High School in the class of Dec., '07, and carries with her the best wishes of all her classmates and of many friends.

ALAMEDA, Cal., August 14, 1920.—Miss Louise Darnkroeger, the eminent physicist, has recently discovered a new law concerning accelerated motion which will affect all theories held for this branch of science. Miss Darnkroeger, since her graduation from Alameda High School in the class of Dec., '07, has followed up this theory which was never quite clear to her in her early school days and after extensive study in France, has brought about this remarkable discovery. These discoveries will benefit not only the manufacturers of locomotives and automobiles, but the world at large.

ALAMEDA, Cal., October 7, 1924.—A very interesting lecture was given last night under the auspices of the Federation of Women's Rights at Encinal Hall. The honorable leader, Anna D. Dazey made a strong speech in favor of both Woman's Rights and Temperance. It is the belief of the Federation that a series of Miss Dazey's lectures will carry the next election in the state of California for the Suffragists ticket. In the course of her lecture, Miss Dazey read her first paper on Woman's Suffrage which was written while she was still a student at the Alameda High School. Although written in her early life, her present principles dominate and her paper shows that her genius was manifest even in early youth.

ALAMEDA, Cal., June 16.—1922.—The recent vacancy in the gymnastic department of the University of California will be filled by Miss Dolores Bradley, a great leader in this subject. Miss Bradley is especially proficient in chest expansion and is known to have the finest physique of any woman in America. Her instruction will greatly strengthen this department and will be of inestimable benefit to the University.

ALAMEDA, Cal., September 8, 1925.—The palatial residence of Mr. Louis Dexter known throughout the United States as the "bicycle king" is now in course of construction, work having been commenced on the building proper today. When completed this residence will be the finest

this side of Chicago where Mr. Dexter has his winter home. The enormous trust of which Mr. Dexter is the head has extended its business as far as San Francisco which necessitates Mr. Dexter's residence in this vicinity. He is building in Alameda as Mr. Dexter spent his boyhood here, graduating from both grammar and High School, and wishes to have his children receive these same advantages.
Jane Cooper.

RESOLUTION OF THE CLASS OF DEC., '07.

At a meeting of the Class of December, '07, held on November the fourteenth, the following resolution was adopted;

That:

We, the "Class of December, '07," through the "Senior Acorn," extend to our classmate, Olga Russel, the sincerest regrets that she will not be able to graduate with her class, owing to a serious illness.

The Fates decreed that our class should be small in number. But the unexpected illness of Miss Russel furthermore deprives us of one of our brightest associates.

We're not skilled in the art of knowledge,
Our failures are many, we know.
School life has been filled with sorrows,

And yet, how we hate to go!

Other faces will fill our classrooms,
Other hands will take up our work.
I hear already our praises—
Did I hear a whisper of "shirk?"

But our time for improvement is o'er;
Gone are the chances of a "one."
We've striven, we've fought and worried,
But Time's past, and what's to be done?

And we have soared to the highest goal;
We have done our best toward one aim:
To win that which we deem noblest;
To leave a clean, honest name.

We thank our principal for his guidance.
Our teacher for her thoughtful care.
They've won our esteem and favor.
May we have shown it everywhere.

It is time to leave Alma Mater,
Our principal and teachers, true,
So in tho'ts of thankful remembrance
We dedicate this book to you.

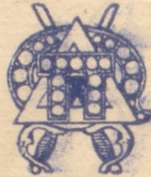
You'll take it in the spirit 'tis given,
And you will read the pages o'er.
Forget our faults—our virtues praise
Then—we'll ask for nothing more.

FRATERNITIES.



A.C. Berinbero.

PI DELTA KOPPA



CALIFORNIA ETA CHAPTER

—Seniors—

Fredrick M. Johnson

—Juniors—

Kenneth W. Abbott

*Frank Butler

Alfred J. Gelderman

F. Spencer Brush

Earle L. Scofield

—Sophomores—

Roger P. Henn

Charles Dodge

—Freshmen—

Edwin R. Anthony, Jr.

Chester Eschen

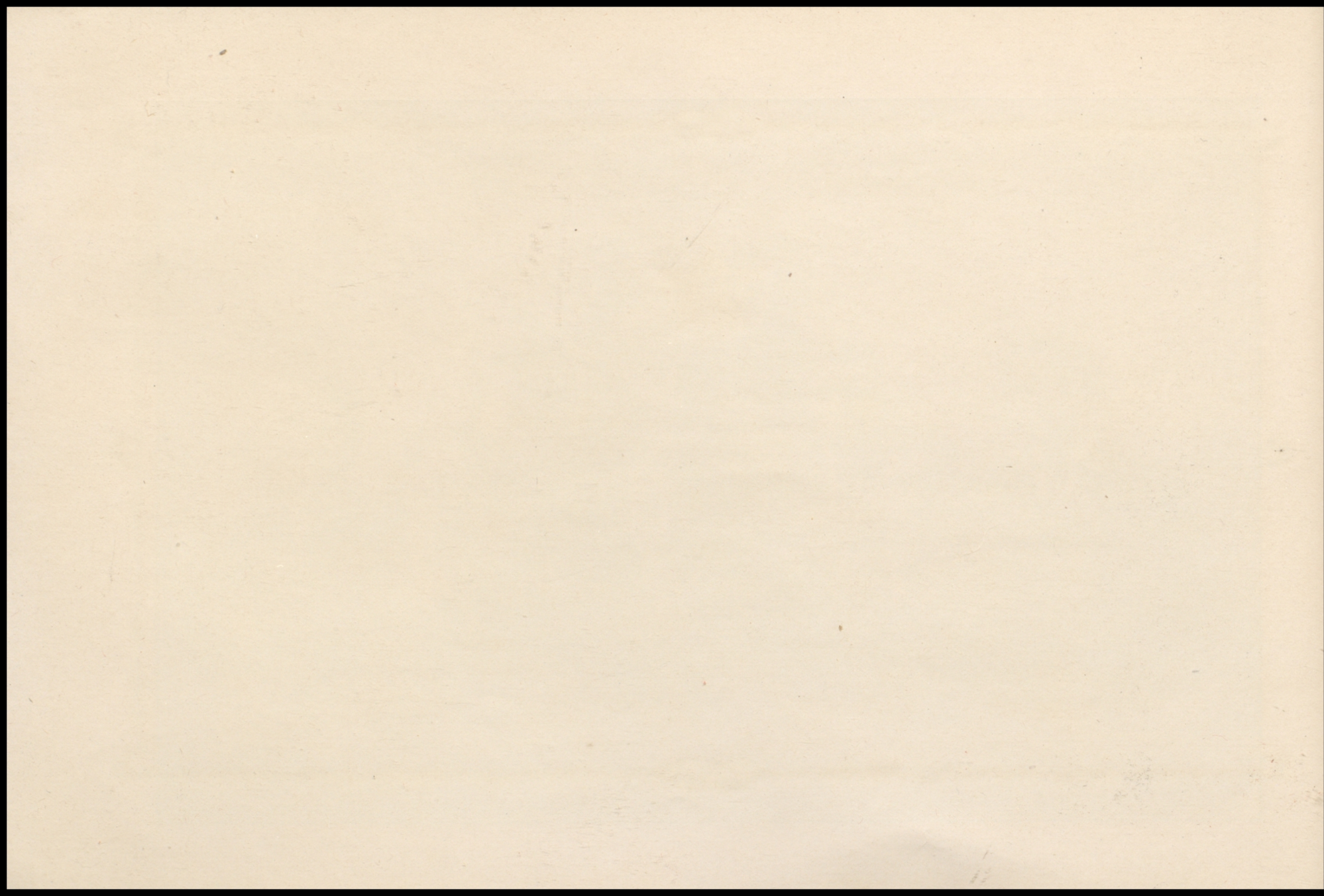
—Pledged—

Phillip A. Wiggin

Meredith Parker

*Absent on leave.





ALPHA SIGMA



ETA CHAPTER

—Graduates—

Jane Cooper

Olga Russell

—1908—

Reta Burke

Margarete Morbio

Ione Conner

Mildred Lansing

—1909—

Alice Teller

Edith Cramer

Marjorie Emmons

Dorothy Tisdale

Lorraine Jordan

—Freshmen—

Marjorie Haight

Edna Hickok

Theo Spaulding

Leslie Greig

—Pledged—

Helen Johnson

Meade Bissell

Kate Field

Hazel Naylor

Harriet Figg

—Out of School—

Emmy Lenicke

Ruth Tisdale

Florence Plummer

SIGMA PHI UPSILON



EPSILON CHAPTER (Founded November 5, 1892)

Frates in Schola —1907—

Theo. H. Searle

—1908—

Harold Percival

Henry Guerin

—1909—

Henry Kassebaum

Guy Landsburg

—1910—

A. M. Rene

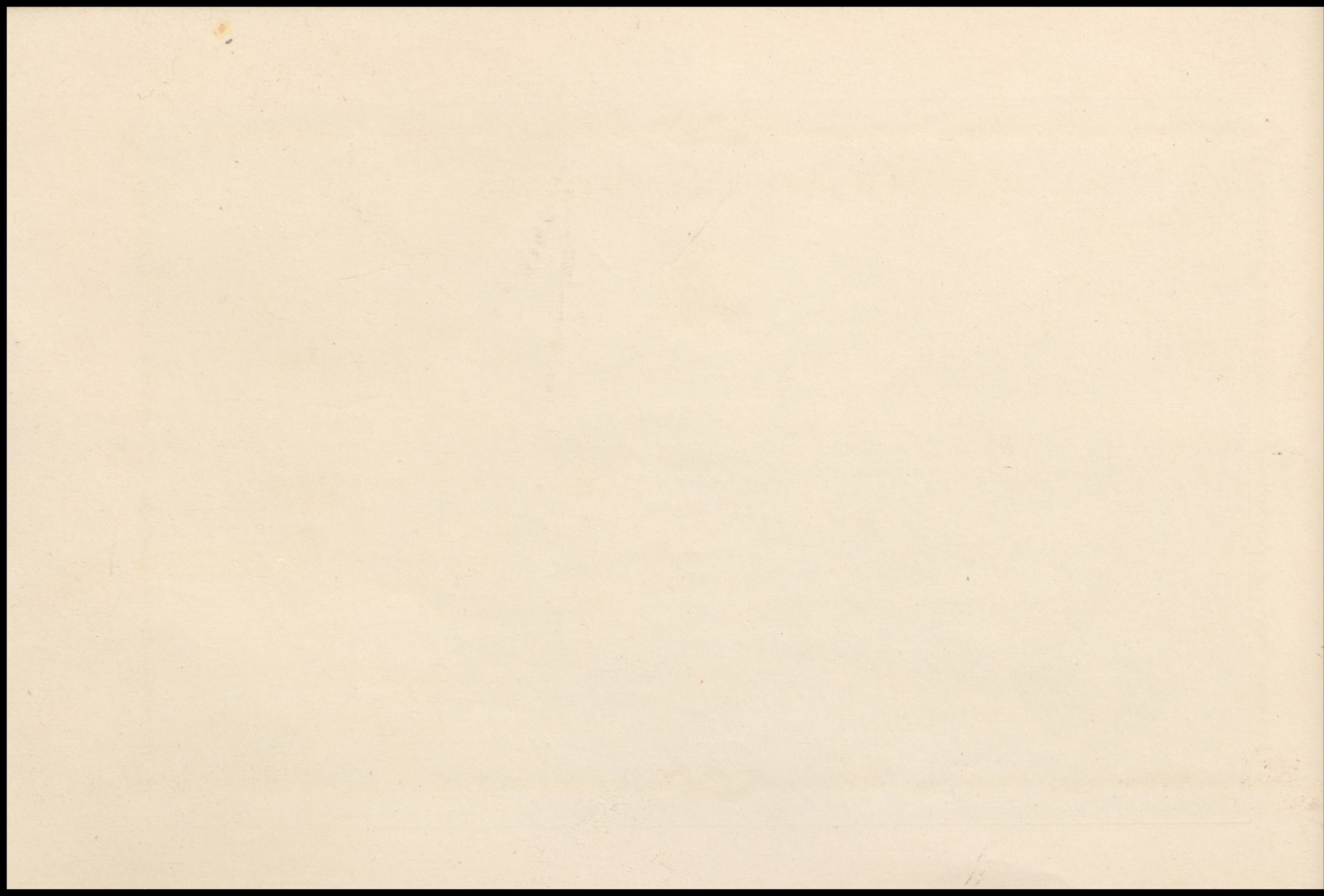
—Post Graduate—

Geo. Browning

Browning Dexter

—Pledged— Heath Angelo





DELTA SIGMA THETA



DELTA CHAPTER

—Seniors—

Gladys Brooks

—Juniors—

Wynne Meredith

Marion Troy

Norma Whitney

Margaret Pewtress

—Sophomores—

Lelia Letsen

Hazel Cockcroft

Georgie Meredith

Bessie Troy

Lura Ruddell

—Freshmen—

Dorothy Kuchel

Ethel Cameron

Bernice Brooks

Pauline Smith

—Alumnae—

Edith Cameron

Marjorie Cockcroft

—Absent on Leave—

Aida Kunze

Alice Wulzen

Vida Patterson

—Pledged—

Mary DeWitt

SKULL AND SERPENT



(Founded February 28, 1905)

—June, 1905—

Josephine Keenan	Eleanor French	Alice Harrington	Ethel O'Brien
Maude Fisher	Hope Cortelyou	Frances Amann	Alice Maurer

—December, 1905— Gertrude Comfort

—June, 1906—

Helen White	Bessie Pratt	Ella Shreve	Bessie Penfield
Jane Becker			Marjorie Cockroft

—December, 1906—

Grace Renner	Ida Spence	Jean Tyson	Adele Ehrenberg
Viola Minor			Emmy Lenicke

—June, 1907—

Edith Cameron	Gertrude Postel	Minnie Anderson	Roberta Haslett
Mame Henkenius			Sylvia McCurrie

—December, 1907—

Jane Cooper	Caro Simonson	Dolores Bradley
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—June, 1908—

Gladys Brooks	Ruth Shreve	Margaret Spence
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DELTA OMICRON



GAMMA CHAPTER

(Founded April 5, 1905)

Frates in Schola

—1908—

Chester Tufts
Brownson Tufts

Cary Troy
Clarence Sanborn

—1909—

Maurice Kebby

—1910—

Charles Gibbs

Charles Murphy

Lynde Burguer

—Pledged—

Robert Cortelyou

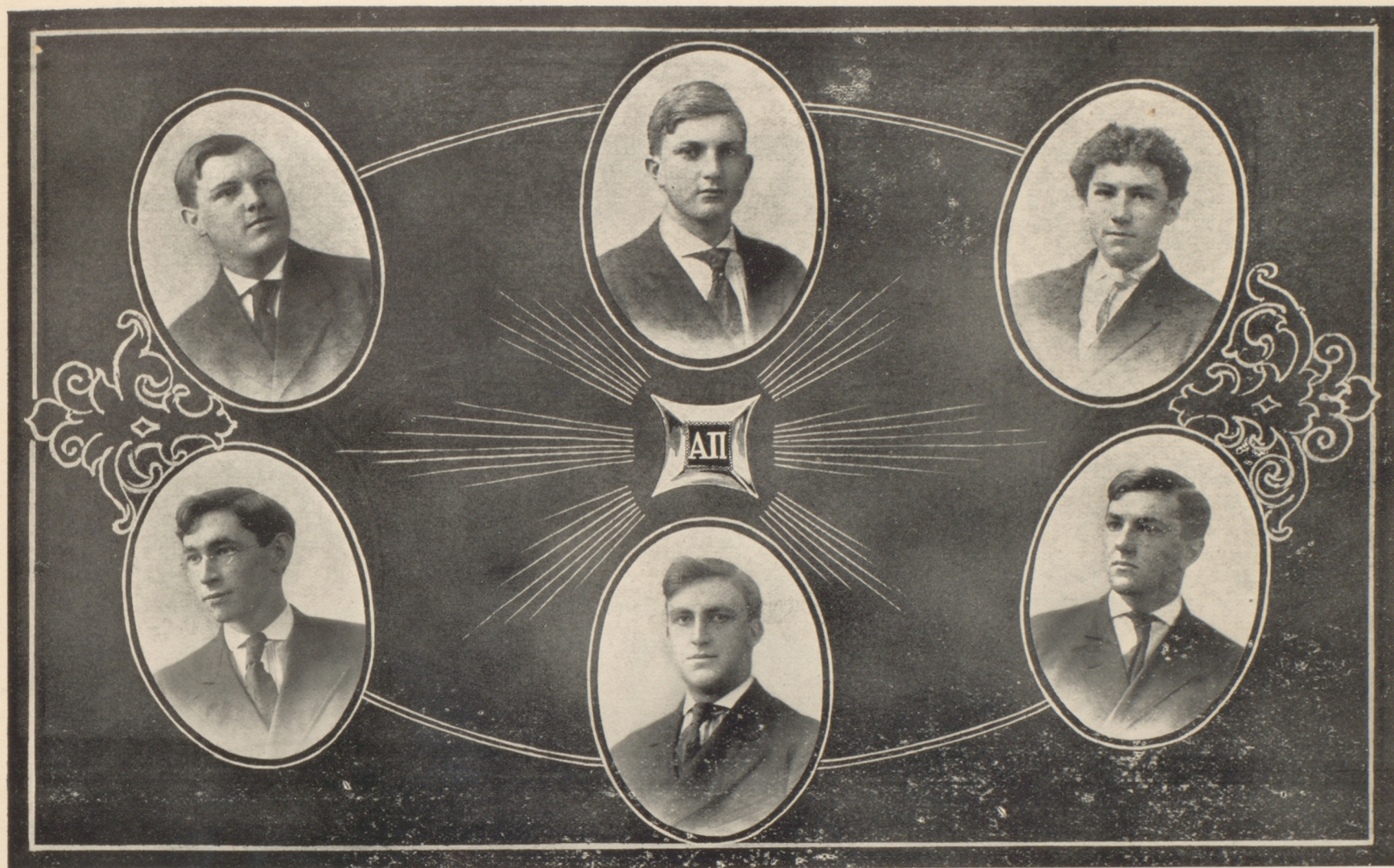
Lex Baum

ALPHA PI



(November 8, 1905) ALUMNI

Howard H. Fassett	Joseph B. Emmal	Fritz R. Claxton
David J. Clark	Kenneth J. Staniford	Helmut H. Hinck
—Graduate—		
Albert L. Dexter		
—1908—		
Paul H. Kuhns		
—1909—		
J Siegfried		
—1910		
William Gale	John Coyle	Edward Seagrave
Morrell Porter	—Absent on Leave—	George Davis



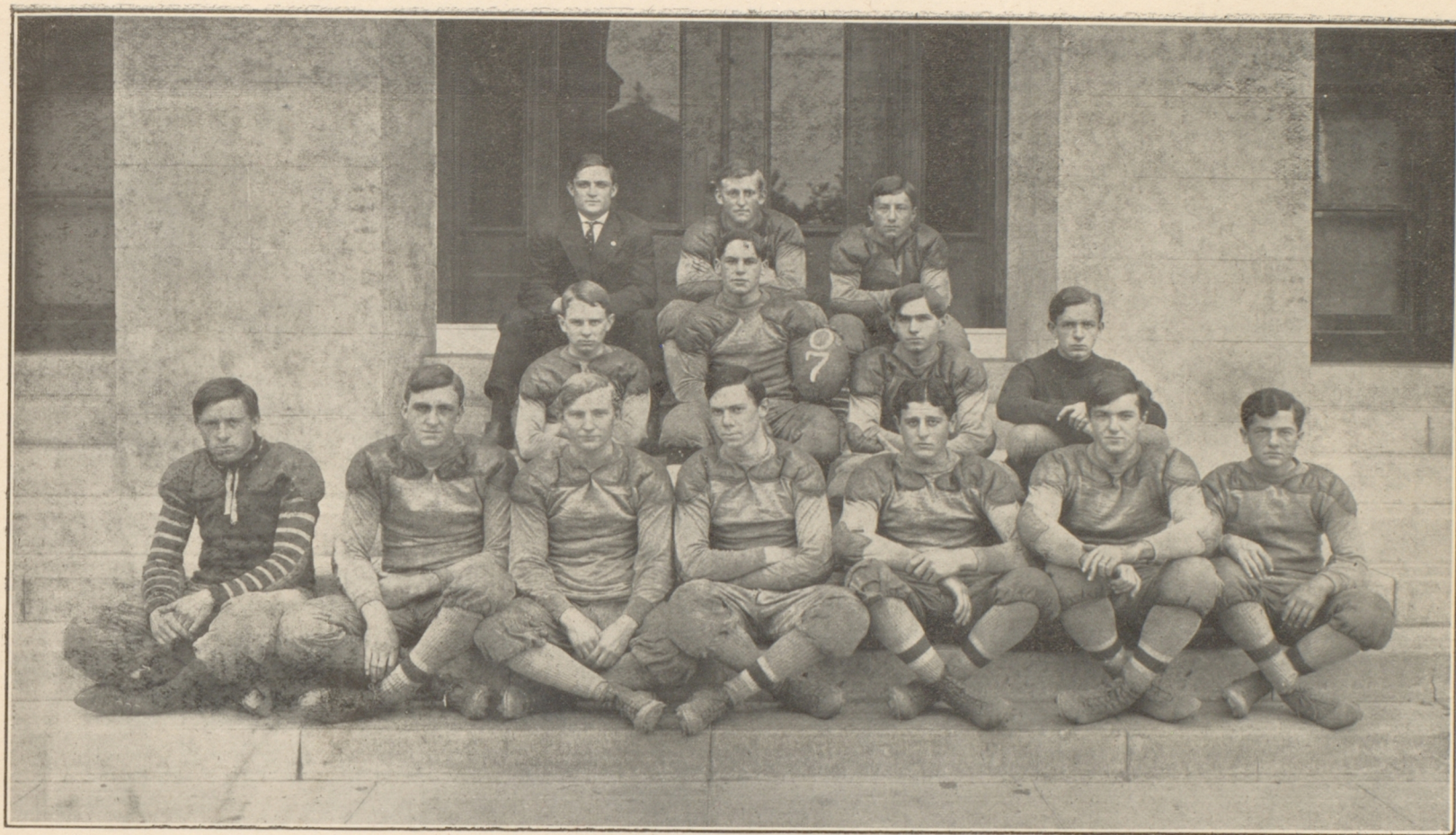




ATHLETICS



AMERICAN





TRACK



HERE seems to be a lack of interest in track athletics this term. During the early part of the season a little attention was paid to this sport but it has lagged greatly since. No doubt the loss of Macauley has had a lot to do with this slump, but there are other reasons as well. What the track team really needs is a coach or trainer. As it is now the fellows turn out strong at the beginning of the term, but having no one to instruct or guide them, gradually become discouraged and then give up altogether. There are surely some who can develop into point winners, all they need is a little encouragement and some one who will take interest in their work. A coach would remedy all these faults and Alameda could probably produce a team that would shine in academic athletic circles.

The first part of the season, Alameda had a dual meet with Lowell High School of San Francisco, but owing to the fact that several track men were playing football Alameda was defeated by a small score. The next event of any importance was the Interclass Field Day, held on the Alameda track. After a closely contested meet the Juniors came out on top, the Seniors second and the Freshmen third.

In the B. C. and A. A. L., there were seven men entered, namely: Kassebaum, Etter, Thorpe, Shattuck, Wilson, Spence, and Perkins. Kassebaum and Spence showed up well in the high jump, Etter ran the sprints, Thorpe, Shattuck and Wilson ran the mile, while Perkins ran the 440 and half mile. Owing to lack of training facilities the boys were handicapped and failed to score.

Etter and Thorpe, both Freshmen, are showing up fine, Thorpe having defeated Shattuck in both big meets. Guerrin and Chapman, both football men, will probably be seen in track suits next year and together with Macauley, who will return to school, and the present team, Alameda should make a much better showing than that made this term.

TENNIS

This form of recreation is again becoming popular among the students, especially among the girls and lower class men. If tennis continues to be played as much as it is now, there is no reason why Alameda could not develop some top-notch players. Since the disorganization of the tennis club, there has been nothing to arouse enthusiasm in this sport. An interclass or handicap tournament might be arranged with great success, and this would be the means of encouraging this form of athletics. Next spring something of this sort ought to be attempted so that everyone will become interested and have something to look forward to.

FOOTBALL



FOOTBALL has been the principal branch of athletics this term. The team was composed almost wholly of under classmen and new men, with the exceptions of Capt. McFarland, Seigfreid, Gale and Bruzzone, who played in last year's team. As usual the team was made up of light men, but what was lacking in weight was made up in speed and a fighting spirit. The season started off rather slowly, due to a lack of organization, caused by the absence of a coach. This was soon adjusted, however, by securing Mr. Ollie Bishop, an old football star from Belmont. Bishop, by his manner of coaching, soon instilled in the fellows a spirit of determination to win the championship. Although the team failed to get the cup, it was considered one of the best aggregations about the bay.

After playing about five preliminary games with different nearby schools, in which the honors were divided evenly, the team played their first league game with Anderson Academy at Irvington. After a fast and snappy game Alameda was victorious by a score of 5 to 0. This game greatly encouraged the fellows as they were outweighed almost twenty pounds to the man.

The next league game was played with Berkeley High. This was by far the most spectacular and exciting game of the season. Alameda played a strong and consistent game, but owing to the

superior punting of their opponents, had to be satisfied with a score of 6 to 0 in favor of the Berkeley team.

The third and last league game was played with Oakland High at Alameda Recreation Park. A little hard luck in the first half served to take the spirit out of the fellows and Alameda lost by a score of 9 to 0. The fact that Oakland possesses the best punter on the coast may be given as one reason for the loss of the game.

A word about the individual players is necessary for a complete knowledge of the team.

Cap't McFarland, the old veteran, played his usual position as right half. He always played a fast game and was noted as a sure catcher of punts. McFarland, by his strong playing, put life into the team, and was largely responsible for its success.

"Mini" Brush, our star quarter, showed great headwork in directing the team, always using the right man at the right time. Brush also did most of the punting for the team and in this position always showed up well.

Kaiser, the heaviest man on the team, played the position of full back, in such style that he has gained quite a reputation for himself. It might be here mentioned that Kaiser has been selected as next year's football captain.

Dick Bates, although only a youngster, filled the position of left half in fine shape. In spite of the fact that this is his first year in football he has already proven himself a fine, steady player.

Anthony, another new man, played center in such a manner that he easily outclassed his opponents.

The guards were both strong men, Chapman and Bruzzone, filling the positions. Both played well on both the offensive and defensive and by their interference managed to spoil many of the opponent's plays.

Gale and Seigfreid played the positions of tackles with marked success, each making a number of star plays.

The strength of our ends was found to be one of the features of the team. Gay and Percival played these positions in such a faultless manner that the opposing team gave up trying to put plays through them.

The substitutes consisted of Guerrin and Tufts. Although these two had no chance to show their worth, they will both show up strong for next year's team.

BASKETBALL

This year basket-ball has been played well and enthusiastically. The team is made up principally of the Freshman and Sophomore girls. Middlers and Seniors must study too hard! Outside teams speak favorably of the sportsmanlike fair play of the Alameda girls, and that, whether we win or lose, is most pleasing to the school. During the week vacation the girls went to Healdsburg, and stayed over night. Alameda will extend also a warm hospitality on the 23rd of Nov-

ember when the Santa Rosa girls come here. October 31st the inter-class teams played. The Sophomores won, 44 to 1. After this a cordial reception was tendered the mothers of the girls. They certainly must have been pleased with the good playing of the young people, and who could not do well, with so fine a coach as Miss Haworth to cheer one on.

SPORTS

The close of this semester finds us at the end of another athletic year. Although the school as a whole has done nothing startling in the way of athletics, it has, at least, made a good showing which is indeed something to be proud of. The football team made quite a respectable showing and as all branches of athletics were well represented, we have no cause to complain.

WHOM DO THESE REMIND YOU OF?

- "Come to order, you fellows!"
- "I mean every word I say."
- "There is certainly some class to that."
- "Big one, now fellows. Give a big brackety ar."
- "For goodness sake, Miss Mysell, keep still."
- "You ought to have seen me and Dan Kelly. Who is Berkeley High's assistant yell leader? Miss G. M.?"

A request has gone out that Bessie quit running a kindergarten.

Bessie Yates, June, '07, is a Kappa Kappa Gamma at Berkeley.

Roberta and Montie Haslett, June, '07, are touring Europe with their family. They expect to return in January.

Helen White, June, '06, is a Kappa Kappa Gamma at Stanford.

Jean, Tyson, Dec., '06, entered Mrs. Scoville's Finishing School in New York, on October twenty-first.

Charlotte D'Evelyn, June, '07, is taking a college course at Mills College.

The members of the class of June, '07, who are back at school taking a post-graduate course, are Minnie Anderson, Alma Curtis, Charlotte Brush, Browning Dexter and George Browning.

Hazel Holt, Ruth Holt and Marie Tyson entered Miss Head's school this term. Miss Irma Young, June, '07, is expecting to enter next term.

Edith Porter, formerly a member of Dec., '07, after graduating from Mills Seminary, entered Berkeley this term. She is a member of the Delta Gamma sorority.

The Skull and Serpent gave a theatre party on October the fifth for their new members which are Dolores Bradley, Margaret Spence, Caro Simonson, Gladys Brooks and Ruth Shreve.

Deane Tisdale of Dec., '04 is visiting in the East. Among the many friends who she intends to visit is Mrs. Wilson, formerly Irma Taylor, a graduate of Alameda High School.

Myra Eastman, of the class of Dec., '08, has announced her engagement to Eugene Kenyon. The wedding will take place the early part of next year.

Gladys Amann, formerly a student of Alameda High School, has entered Miss Harper's school at Palo Alto.

Jessie Hall, a former member of the class of June, '09, is attending school in Los Angeles.

The Eta of the Alpha Sigma is having a busy term. Those who were initiated are Marjorie Haight, Reita Burke, Edna Hickok and Lesley Grieg, and the newly pledged members are Meade Bissell, Hazel Naylor, Helen Johnson, Harriett Tigg and Kate Field.

There are several members of the class of June, '07, who have entered Berkeley. They are Helen Bickford, Lilian Harber, Frances Read, Don Bailey and Henry Jackson. Those who have entered Stanford are Adele Ehrenberg, of Dec., '06, Byron Paul and Edwin Higgins, of June, '07.





A KNOCK at the door! There stands old "Podgy" with a bunch of school papers under his arm with which to while away this winter evening. Old "Podgy", well known for his inartistic ability; yet he knows a good paper when he sees it, and that's why we are looking over the "Elm" together. "Neat but not gaudy" is the "Elm," as befits a school paper. The material inside, is pretty neat, also.

Jess sympathizing with all struggling authors favors the "Manzanita" (Watsonville); especially as a former Alameda girl is a contributor. Jess likes the school spirit of improving the town. For we High School people are the ones to enjoy them. "Podgy" likes the athletic cartoons.

I like the "Trident" (Santa Cruz). The covers

are good and the appearance inside is not cramped

I like the suitable cover of "The Guard and Tackle," and I wish there were more chaps like Ingram, to put material between the covers. If the ad. columns were not mingled with the jokes, there would be less of a newspaper appearance. The "Review", (Sacramento), does the same thing. Anyhow, they have good stories. Let there be more like "The Flower of Old Carmel."

"Listen here," said Nat., collector for our ad. columns; "The Scribe" (Oakland) has a great scheme of booming the advertising merchants. Nothing like giving them a little thanks. There are a few stories here, but they are good."

"Look here at the 'Olla Podrida' (Berkeley), hasn't an ad. That's clever work! Some fellow's resting easy."

"Yes, and look at the cover, and the good car-

toons. They are all right," from "Podgy."

"If any of you people want to read a good old breezy paper, running over with boyish spirit, read this one, "The Skirmisher", (San Mateo) said Nell. (She likes boy's spirit, anyhow.)

"Oh, you think you're smart with all your papers, but I tell you the 'Tocsin is tip-top' " said Frank. "From the very outside, through to the other cover, there is originality in arranging and drawing."

Podgy had a few from schools out of California. "The Vexillum" (Boston, Mass.) has a good cover and some nice cuts. But there are few stories. So with "The Comenian" (Beth, Penn). But we all like the little illustration on the front. Old "Podgy" likes the cover of "The Advance" for October (Salem, Mass). It suits some of his dark (hidden) ideas. I am enjoying the class notes which are quite original.

The rest of the critics are moaning because there are no more exchanges. Hope you'll all come again, and knock at our door along with "Podgy."

GOOD NIGHT ALL.

Our high school work is over. This is our last effort to show what we have done, what we can do, and what we shall do. There are only fifteen of us, and prospects looked rather dark with only fifteen to "put on the best play, gain the highest

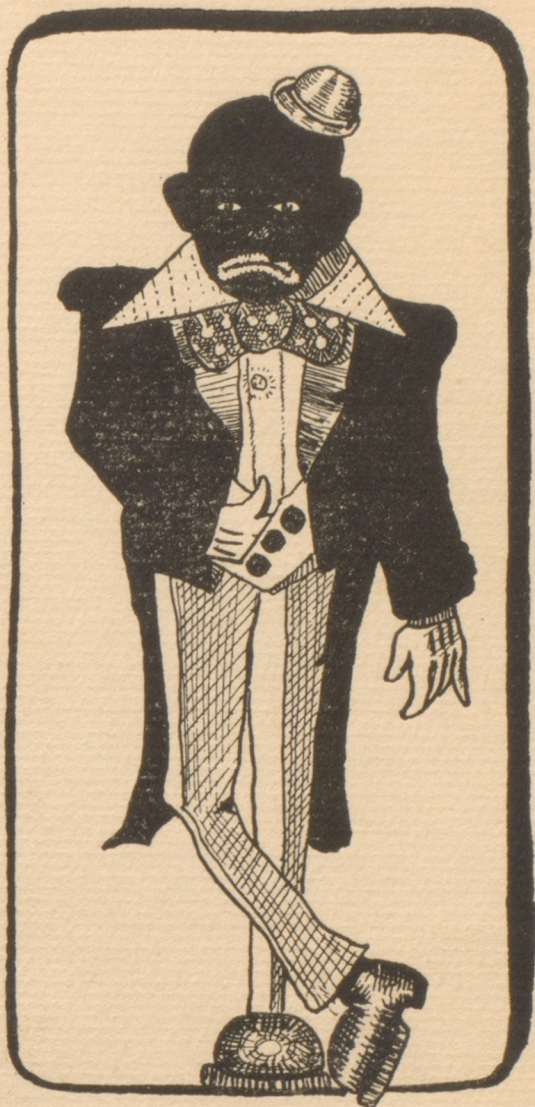
scholarship, and put out the best 'Senior Acorn' " as every class strives to do. . . . In the midst of our despair, somebody said something about "quality being worth more than quantity". That was our one ray of hope. It was the guiding star which instilled in us the ambition to do our best, for "the best one can do is all one can do." So we all worked hard for the honor and glory of December, '07. We made mistakes, "to err is human." Still, we try to content ourselves with the fact that we are now offering you the results of our best efforts, and trust they will give you as much pleasure in reading them, as we have had in preparing them.

A wise student letteth a teacher know that he knows, tho' he knows not, but a foolish one letteth a teacher know that he knows not.

I can certainly say that the dance given by the Class of June, '08, in honor of the Class of Dec., '07, was the finest that has been given here during the last four years. The decorations were exquisite and decidedly original. The electrical effects were especially beautiful. The refreshments, the music, the floor, were the best. The class is certainly to be congratulated on its manager, Mr. Paul Kuhns under whose able management this delightful affair was given.

THE SPECTATOR

JOSHEE





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Mr. Cogswell (just after the earthquake)—“I guess I won’t go home, because my wife predicted this, and I told her she didn’t know what she was talking about.”

Mr. Minium (just after a rain)—“I guess I won’t go home for a week, because I told my wife it wouldn’t rain today, and she’s gone to the city without an umbrella and rubbers. Cogswell (with apologies) you and I will have to sleep in a tent. Gilbertson (also with apologies) had better join us.

Mr. Gibertson (with a lordly air)—I have nothing like that at home to fear.

When you call a girl a kitten
You are sure to get a pat,
So, why should you get the mitten
When you say she is a cat?
But you do.

If you say a girl’s a vision
It will fill her with delight,
So there should be no collision
When you say she is a sigat.
But there is.

When you call a man a sly old dog
He asks you in to sup;
So why should it set his wrath agog
When you say he is a pup?
But it does.

Myrtle Fisher—Did you see that big elephant in the parade? Well, he winked at me.

Miss Hohfeld asked how many could play musical instruments and several raised their hands. Among them was a fellow named (Heine G.) and when she asked what he could play he said “a phonograph.”

Congratulations, Miss Teller. You’re doing fine! Nine boys! That’s better than most girls can do.

Hast Myrtle Fisher discovered as yet, if the bump on the back of her ear is a bump of knowledge or not?

Mr. Gilbertson, calling the roll (Senior A History)—“Mr. Percival.”

Boys—“Absent.”

Girls—“Aw-aw-aw!”

Why is it that Heath Angel goes in the smoker when he has a big bag of candy and sees the girls.

Paul K. (Senior A History)—If I had a case what court would I take it to?

Mr. Gilbertson—It depends upon the case.

(Voice from rear)—Take it to Cupid’s court.

Neill Wilson, what was Grace Noble doing with your suitcase?

George Browning—It isn't polite to put your feet on the table, is it?

Miss Parker—No, it isn't table manners.

Her card was marked "I",
Now, this is a pun
Tho' the jest of it seems to you hazy
Every bit of the while
Her face wore a smile
But that girl was the dandiest, "Dazey."

1st Senior—Did you wash your hair?

2nd Senior—No, why?

1st Senior—Your head looks soft.

Mr. Minium (to H. B., who is visiting school after graduation)—Is there anything I can do for you?

H. Bickford—Oh, I'm not here.

Mr. Minium—Alright, let me know if there is anything I can do for you before you are here, or if I can help you after you get here.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Conducted by

Dolores Bradley—No, it is not considered good form to tell too many of your grandma's experiences. We would advise you to limit these stories to ten an

hour.

Loris Dexter—Really, I feel sorry for you. Giggling is a hard habit to overcome. I am sure, however, if you could hear a laughing hyena you would stop. Be sure and order one from any of the big mail-order houses.

Anna Dazey—If your history teacher doesn't pay attention to you, use a toy pistol on him.

KATHERINE VAN ORDEN—I certainly sympathize with you. One often does have to bear the blame for everything. Your teacher must have some interest in you if he seeks to correct your shortcomings.

CHARLOTTE BUCKARD—A loud voice is not to be tolerated. Just listen to the flies buzzing and take that as your keynote.

CORNELIA BOWERS—If you are suddenly called upon to recite during a delicious tete-a-tete, feign deafness. It never fails.

Smart Scrub—He's a thief.

Senior—How do you know?

Smart Scrub—He took her arm.

Early to physics, early to work
Gives the brains of the Seniors many a jerk.

Physics is the mother of flunks.

Mr. A.—I live down the river a short distance from you.

Miss B.—Well, I hope you'll drop in some day—Ex.

There was a young man named Ted
Who had so many crowns on his head
When a meeting he'd call,
We came one and all
And what happened there can't be said.

There was a girl named Bess,
She was so neatly dressed.
She had a pal,
His name, Percival.
This sweet little Bess.

A non-conductor of heat—a dog's nose. A conductor of heat—your hand and mine.

All's fair in football and Oral English.
Jack Rene—Love me a little.
Bill Gale—Love me long.

The courthouse, the bank, the house of records
are good loop-holes for engagements aren't they,
Mr. Minium?

A Freshman may look at a Senior.



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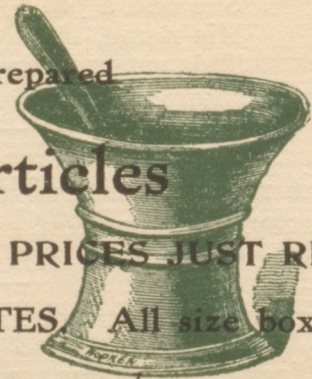
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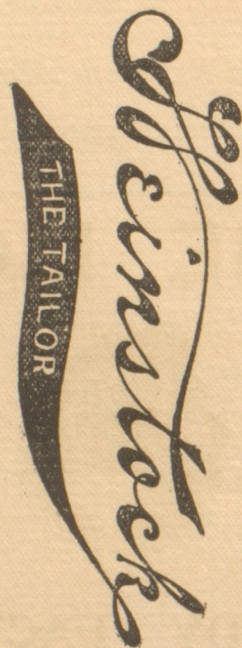
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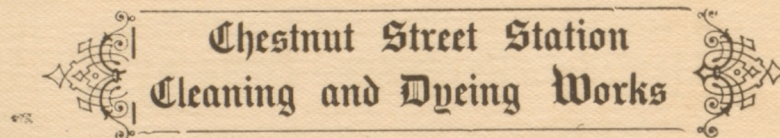
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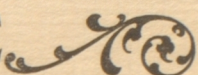
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